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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: The Hon. Dorothy Annesley	545, 546
The Small Holder's House	546
Country Notes	547
The Travellers, by John Drinkwater	547
The Lost Companion	548
Spring and the Mountaineer, by Algernon Blackwood. (Illustrated) ..	549
Agricultural Notes	552
In the Garden. (Illustrated)	553
Tales of Country Life: The Old Woman and the Magic Cauldron, by Lady Margaret Sackville	555
The Home of the Cairngorm, by Seton Gordon. (Illustrated)	557
The Country Squire, by Professor James Long	558
The Collection Chauchard. (Illustrated)	559
Feeding Birds	561
Country Home: Temple Dinsley. (Illustrated)	562
"Heil, Kaiser, Dir!"	572
Literature	573
The Customs of Old England (F. J. Snell); London Clubs: Their History and Treasures (Ralph Nevill); America—Through English Eyes ("Rita"); The Vision of Balmaine (G. B. Burgin); Pot au Feu (Marmaduke Pichthall); Ailsa Paige (Robert W. Chambers).	
The Road-screen at Honiton, Devonshire, by Aymer Vallance. (Illustrated) ..	574
New Forest Ponies Judged at Home. (Illustrated)	575
On the Green, by Horace Hutchinson and Bernard Darwin. (Illustrated) ..	576
Correspondence	577
True Bread (W. Robinson); The Black Cat; "Palombes" and "Ramiers" (L. H. O. Johns); Proposed National Bird Sanctuary (Norman F. Richardson); Marking Salmon (John Mills); Will Milk be Dearer? (Eldred Walker); On April Fifth; Spotted Flycatcher Nesting in a Disused Thrush's Nest (E. L. Turner); The Contents of a Barn-owl's Stomach (G. Parkin and J. Gordon Dalglish); To Turn Clay Into Cover; The Biting Winds (Jessie Godwin-Austen).	

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. With this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is published an illustrated Architectural Supplement.

THE SMALL . . . HOLDER'S HOUSE.

VERY important question has been submitted to the Board of Agriculture by certain County Councils. They are bringing into existence a vast number of small holdings. The average size of these farms is between eleven and twelve acres. In the Isle of Ely the average is only six acres, and in Cambridgeshire it is seven acres. These contrast with the fifty-acre average in the North Riding of Yorkshire and the average of thirty acres in Northumberland and Glamorgan. We may take it that, where the land is exceedingly good and the holder lays his accounts to do a great deal of intensive cultivation for market-gardening or similar purposes, he does not want a great deal of land; whereas in less favourable districts he must have a fair amount in order to ensure the possibility of earning a livelihood. The difficulty that has arisen and been brought before the authorities at Whitehall is that many of these holdings are unprovided with cottages, and the question is, who is going to build them? In a general way, where land is cultivated by tenants renting from land-owners, the responsibility of providing houses has

been accepted by the latter; but the County Councils, who to some extent take the place of the private land-owners, are not exactly in a position to do so. The Board has declined to lay down any general rule on the subject. It is pointed out that "the Act only empowers Councils to erect a house where they are satisfied that it is required for the due occupation of the holding," and the view is expressed that no house should be built unless there is a reasonable probability that the cultivation of the holding will enable the holder to pay the rent of the house and the land. We hope that this sound economic attitude will be steadily maintained. The Board deals with that large class of holders which consists of men who cultivate the land as a subsidiary source of income. In pastoral districts especially it is quite easy for a village tradesman, or even a labourer, to manage a few acres of pasture and the stock it carries in his odd time, thereby making a considerable addition to his income, while he derives from another calling his main source of livelihood. In these cases it is laid down that it is not permissible to build. Where the holder lives on the land, and he can pay the rent, schemes for building have already been sanctioned.

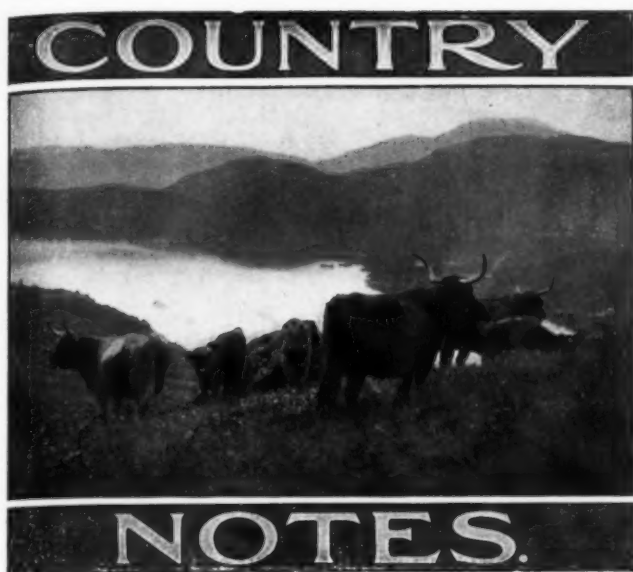
But now arises the practical question as to what kind of cottage it is advisable to put up. It was suggested in the first place that the Board of Agriculture should draw up and disseminate plans of model houses for small holdings. We are glad that this was not done, as it threatened a repetition of the disastrous results that followed from a pursuit of the same policy by the Local Government Board when the first building bye-laws were issued. The model cottage became dotted over Great Britain, and exists to this day as a monstrosity and a blot on the landscape. The Board of Agriculture has taken the much more enlightened view that it is not possible for it to issue specimen plans for cottages and farm buildings, that in view of the varying conditions of site and requirements, and also the difference in local material for building purposes, it is much better left to the locality to provide its own houses. "It is not desirable," says the Report, "that the country-side should be defaced by the erection of unsightly and inconvenient cottages, and there is no reason why a cottage of pleasing design should be any more expensive than an ugly and inconvenient one." The moral of this might be pointed from concrete examples. Nothing could be uglier than the cottages provided on the small holdings in Worcestershire—those that were erected some years ago—whereas at Winterslow, where to a large extent the local model was followed, the cottages are at least presentable. The suggestion of the Board of Agriculture is "that some Councils would be well advised to employ a good local architect to prepare two or three sets of plans for cottages which could be adopted as a standard throughout the county." This is the only doubtful part of the advice they tender, and could only be followed advantageously by an enlightened Council.

As a matter of fact, these bodies have not distinguished themselves for their taste and judgment in matters architectural. We could, for instance, easily point out a large number of cases where fine old bridges have been removed by the Council and replaced by others hideously built and in many cases held together by the ugliest cast-iron conceivable. No doubt they are to some extent being educated by events and by the discussions that have taken place in many newspapers over their action, but we doubt if they are yet qualified to produce a standard cottage. Moreover, everyone who is acquainted with the subject is aware that the finest cottages in England, which have been handed down to us from past generations, particularly those of Kent and Surrey and those on the Cotswold Hills, were built after no model, but set up by practical men who tried in the best manner possible to utilise the resources of the neighbourhood and to meet the requirements of those who were to live in the cottages. With them beauty grew out of utility as the ages passed, and we are of opinion that in building a cottage each situation and case must be considered entirely upon its own merits. The plan that would be good for the valley might be bad for the hill; the cottage that would do for some of the drained land in Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire would be out of place in the wolds of Yorkshire.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. Dorothy Annesley, the youngest daughter of Viscount Valentia. The Hon. Dorothy Annesley is a débutante this season.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



SINCERE and wide-felt regret has been caused by the sudden death of Lord Carlisle, which took place on Easter Sunday at the residence of his son-in-law at Hindhead. He had been in failing health for some time past, and, in fact, had only just emerged from a rest cure. He was in his sixty-eighth year. Lord Carlisle was a man of many and varied accomplishments. Not long ago we reviewed in COUNTRY LIFE a book of the songs which his grandchildren had been accustomed to sing, and which was illustrated by pictures that he had drawn for their amusement. These illustrations showed Lord Carlisle's knowledge of the North Country and his deep interest in the lore and legend of the Borders. He was, indeed, very proud of Naworth Castle; it was his favourite residence. Our readers scarcely need to be reminded that a full description of it with pictures appeared in our issue of March 25th. Lord Carlisle is succeeded by his son, Lord Morpeth, who for the last seven years has represented Birmingham as a Tariff Reformer and Liberal Unionist.

Mr. J. H. Diggle, who is well known for his connection with the Small Holdings Movement, contributes to the mid-April number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture a very detailed and interesting article on the Burwell small holdings. They have now existed four years. In 1906 the Crown was farming the estate—eighteen houses and 917 acres—at a loss. It was taken over for small holdings, and now not only are all the houses occupied and the land tenanted, but seven new cottages have been built, and are occupied as allotment home-steads. The report is clear and detailed, and yet it is very difficult at the present moment to say what net income is being derived from these bits of land. We have one side of the bill in such a statement as that the tenant of four and a-half acres reports sales and values of produce consumed in 1909: Corn and roots were sold for £40 3s.; pigs, £20; poultry, eggs, vegetables and bacon combine with these to yield a total gross return of £74 13s. What outlay there was is not given.

One of the most suggestive remarks quoted by Mr. Diggle, from a report by Mr. Scruby, a well-known surveyor and valuer is to the effect that these holdings are training-places for young farmers. "It seems probable," says the latter, "that the younger of these men in course of time will work their way into positions enabling them to take farms and leave the holdings for smaller men who might otherwise be unable to get a start in life." This statement supplies a clue to the preference for tenancy that has been shown by the applicants for small holdings. They feel that to own the soil with a debt hanging over it that it would probably take the best part of their lives to pay is to bind them to the land in a very undesirable manner. There is far more elasticity for expansion in the position of tenant to a great landowner.

The Master of the Supreme Court, Chancery Division, has written to *The Times* a history of public records that would be diverting if the results were not so melancholy. In 1835 there were discovered in a vault under Somerset House a great many huge boxes of records, besides two or three tons of documents lying loose on the floor. The doorway had been bricked up, and an entrance was effected through the window opening, which had no casement. In 1838 the Treasury contracted with a fishmonger of Hungerford Market to remove the documents to the

office of the Comptroller-General. This man, a Mr. Jay, was allowed to take to himself those that were considered to be worthless, paying for them at the rate of £8 a ton. The documents were examined by the Chief Clerk in the Comptroller's Office, who said he was perfectly unacquainted with records and had no knowledge of "ancient handwriting," and he had some casual and unauthorised advice from an expert. Mr. Jay received about eight and three-quarter tons of paper and parchment, intending to sell them as waste-paper to tobacconists, butter-shops and fishmongers. Mr. Jay resold the paper and parchment at £80 a ton. Afterwards the committee reported on the loss of certain Common Pleas records on parchment. Some were on narrow strips, which came into the possession of a Clerkenwell gold-beater, who sold them to boys to whip their tops with at three a penny. Other parchment records were bought by a pastrycook "to make jelly of, but they were found too bad for his purpose." Such is the melancholy story of records which, if they were now in existence, would be worth more than their weight in gold.

Easter seldom passes without a crop of serious accidents, and those that have occurred this year show in a very striking manner the danger of some of the fashionable amusements of the hour. That which occurred at Brooklands in full view of an immense audience is described by an eye-witness in our automobile pages. An accident with less startling, but not less serious ending, was that to Mr. and Mrs. Selfridge, who were motoring down the Kirkstone Pass to Ambleside when, the brakes failing to act, the car dashed against a house and three of the occupants were severely injured. The most novel accident that occurred, however, was reported from Bombay, where a monoplane came into collision with a railway train. Lieutenant Dawes sprang clear before the smash actually took place, and seems to have suffered no injury beyond one or two cuts on the face. As far as we know this is the first case in which a flying-machine has collided with a railway train. But the type of accident is not likely to be uncommon in the future.

THE TRAVELLER.

When March was master of furrow and fold,
And the skies kept cloudy festival,
And the daffodil pods were tipped with gold
And a passion was in the plover's call,
A spare old man went hobbling by
With a broken pipe and a tapping stick,
And he mumbled—"Blossom before I die,
Be quick, you little brown buds, be quick."

"I've weathered the world for a count of years—
Good old years of shining fire—
And death and the devil bring no fears,
And I've fed the flame of my last desire,
I'm ready to go, but I'd pass the gate
On the edge of the world with an old heart sick
If I missed the blossoms. I may not wait—
The gate is open—be quick, be quick."

JOHN DRINKWATER.

It is far from being easy to estimate the damage done by the blighting east winds of early April, and very contradictory reports are arriving from the fruit districts. In Kent it is said that the damage is not so great as at one time appeared possible; but, curiously enough, from places further north we hear of the blossoms being in a more advanced state of development, and therefore more at the mercy of the biting winds. Pear blossom was in some districts out and was utterly destroyed. Apple blossom, generally speaking, is more backward than usual, and cannot have been hurt except on the assumption that the crop of apples is curtailed by a temporary stoppage of the flow of sap. Plum blossom is now showing freely in many orchards, and the crop has probably suffered. In regard to bush fruit it would appear extremely likely that much blossom has been destroyed. Anybody who has noticed the effect of the wind on roses and herbaceous plants is able to make a rough guess that expanding flower-buds and germinating seeds are likely to have been killed altogether.

Isle of Wight bee disease, as it is called from the place at which it was first observed, appears to continue spreading, and no one is able to define its character clearly or suggest a preventive or cure. The Cambridge zoologists have been studying the question, but have arrived at no definite conclusion; and as far as we know they alone have conducted proper investigations. It almost looks as though we were confronted with a total extinction of the bee population in these islands, and

fruit-growers are beginning to ask what would happen to their orchards if this calamity were to happen. It has of recent years frequently been proved that the fertility of apple and other fruit trees is considerably increased when bees are introduced into a neighbourhood where they have not been numerous. If they were excluded altogether, would the blossoms not be fertilised? It seems at a first glance most extraordinary that Nature should depend on the work of those winged vagrants; but then, it is entirely in keeping with natural law. The wind is as uncertain a factor as the bee, and yet what a vast number of flowers are dependent for fertilisation upon it!

Miss Cleghorn of Sheffield deserves to be congratulated. She is the first woman teacher who has been elected president of the National Union of Elementary Teachers, and her address at Aberystwith justified the distinction. Her ideas are enlightened, especially in so far as she advocates the breaking away from mere book knowledge when scholars reach the age of twelve or so, and the substitution for it of what she calls vocational teaching. Miss Cleghorn is working along the right lines and we wish her every success. But, at the same time, care should be taken that sloppiness is not introduced into educational method. Under the present system means of passing off very superficial and slovenly work are known to have come largely into use during the last few years. From the speech she delivered we feel sure, however, that Miss Cleghorn's influence will be directed against this element of retrogression in educational method.

Steps are being taken by the London County Council to prevent boys taking up what are called "blind alley" occupations. The phrase, of course, signifies those callings in which a boy may find employment for a few years and then discover that there is no further use for him. The desire of the Council is to encourage boys to choose, at the beginning of their career, trades or callings which they would like to pursue to the end. In other words, there is a revival of the laudable mediaeval zeal for apprenticing a boy to learn a trade. In order to carry the idea into practice the London County Council has formed seven committees, with the intention of increasing the number to eighteen when the scheme is in full working order. When a boy is leaving school the head-master is to make due enquiries as to the place and the profession to which he is going; the answers to these will be reported to the local committee, who will endeavour to see that the boy has suitable employment and to watch over his early career. Properly carried out the plan has a great deal to recommend it.

Evidently Lord Avebury and Mr. Herbert Samuel, the Postmaster-General, are in total disagreement about the most effective method of managing the telephones when the National Telephone Company is taken over. Lord Avebury is all for the appointment of a telephone authority. He says that it is necessary to an economical management, and instances the fact that the Government loses a million a year in its management of the telegraphs. His point seems to be that the telegraph and the telephone come into conflict, and that if both are managed by the same Government Department, one will suffer at the expense of the other. Mr. Herbert Samuel's case is that a public service ought to have its head in the House of Commons, where he can be asked questions and is practically compelled to answer them. Lord Avebury omitted to mention the extraordinarily good management of the Parcel Post and Letter Post. If we compare the methods of railway companies with those of the Post Office, we cannot fail to be struck with the greater efficiency of the latter.

What, we may ask, is really to be regarded as the "national game" of England? Time was when the question admitted of one answer only, and a ready one—cricket. In these days cricket has a little fallen from its high estate in popular favour, and other games have risen to rival, if not to pass it. Judged by the keen interest that is taken and the money and energy expended on the endeavour to regain from America our lost laurels at polo, it may be questioned whether that dashing game has not a claim to stand in the front rank. To form part of the team which is to play in America, three officers, before crossing the Atlantic, are coming all the way from India. They—Captain Barrett, Captain Leslie Cheape and Mr. Palmes—are on their way from Bombay to England now, and will sail for the States within four days of their arrival. Surely if we take our pleasures sadly, as a nation, we make amends by taking our pastimes seriously. Captain Lloyd, the captain, has placed his reliance on rather a young lot of ponies, but young ponies often make up for inexperience by their greater dash.

A case which is of some interest to cross-country runners, and to all head-masters of schools at which the boys go paper-chasing, came up at Warrington lately. It has always been matter of some surprise and admiration that farmers should endure as patiently as they do the breaking of hedges and occasional injury to young crops which are done by the "harrier" clubs and paper-chasing boys who speed over their fields. It shows a fine sportsmanlike spirit on their part that they do not more keenly resent the trespass. In this instance at Warrington a mare, of some value, was damaged in consequence of taking very natural fright at the apparition of two figures in white stampeding over her pasture. The judge held the "harriers" liable for ten guineas damages, as well as the costs of the action. With all sympathy in the world for the fine pastime of cross-country running, it is not to be denied that this seems as good justice as it is, no doubt, good law. Paper-chasers should, therefore, note that it is "up to them," as the Americans say, to see that they do not frighten horses or any other stock in the fields over which they run so as to cause them any serious damage.

From time to time of late we have been reading accounts of the sealing vessels returning to St. John's, Newfoundland, with very satisfactory catches of the seals, and reading these, some people are disposed to think that, as a result, their seal furs will be cheap next season. It is true that the fur-bearing seal is killed on the American Coast, but it is on the Pacific, the opposite side from Newfoundland. These seals which the ships have been lately bringing in are not fur-bearers at all; they are "harps" or "hoods," in the hunter's parlance, that is to say, harp seals or hooded seals, and are killed chiefly for their oil. They "follow the ice," as the phrase is. In the summer not one is to be seen in the sea off Northern Newfoundland and Southern Labrador, which is the arena of the great killing in the winter. At that season they are away among the ice on the Greenland Coast. In winter they come down, and the sealers go out on the ice and club them to a death which we may hope is mercifully swift, though there is no manner of sport in the killing, nor any danger to the killer.

THE LOST COMPANION.

(P. R.)

On Solway side the curlews cry
While to and fro the grey gulls fly,
And still the "Colonel" smitten true
Rakes on to find the green in two—
Just as it did when you were by.

And yet—though golf go well—we sigh
For you—of sun-browned memory—
Laughing and glad, that once we knew
On Solway side.

So let the west wind blow to you
Low-murmured tales of gold and blue,
Whispering to you, where you lie
So still and watch the clouds go by,
This wish—that you were with us too
On Solway side. W. T. C. C.

The suggestion may be entirely fanciful, but is there not a pleasant sound about the very name of that river, the Wandle, which used to be the most rural of all the smaller streams quite close to London? Some of us have even had the fortune to catch very good trout in it with the artfully-floated dry fly. Miss Octavia Hill has lately come forward with a proposition for the acquirement of a small stretch of this river, or of a walk by its side, by the National Trust, to preserve for the people the amenities of a river-side ramble. The question is whether the beauty of the scene is not already too far gone to make the preservation of the remainder worth the while. Among visions of what might have been, which are raised by Miss Hill's proposal, are a dashing Ty Burn, overhung by its alders and its birches, or a swiftly-flowing Fleet. The trouble, doubtless, with these imaginary metropolitan waters would be to ensure that they were wholly free from all characteristics of the *cloaca maxima*. But not one of them has that pleasant suggestion of the Wandle in its name deserving to pass, like that of the classic Mæander, into verbal parlance. Why, if we "mæander," should we not "wandle"?

A correspondent of the *Lancet* has given some interesting figures showing the gain and loss in weight of the University crews during training. A comparison of the effects of training on the two crews shows that only two of the Oxford crew had lost in weight (two and a-half pounds), while the Cambridge boat was forty-four pounds lighter on the day of the race than it was at the beginning of training. The only one of the

Cambridge crew who gained in weight was "five," and that only a quarter of a pound, while "three" rowed a stone lighter than he began. The writer thinks that in selecting a crew preference should be given to men who do not need to be "trained down," though actually there is little or none of this in the practice of

training for a boat race, the object of which is to enable a man to pull every ounce of his weight. The great loss of weight in the Cambridge boat is remarkable, but cannot, as the writer believes, have any effect on the fact that the losing boat was rowed out. No beaten crew ever finished otherwise.

SPRING AND THE MOUNTAINEER.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

WITH these first softer winds of spring there breaks upon the mind a thought of flowers, sunny woods, mountains soaring through haze into blue skies—visions of some fair playground. For old Pan is out again. He has stepped forth from that "everlasting lair" of his, and pipe in hand—those huge yet gentle hands—is running over the world. And his music is strangely disquieting; it stirs the deep migratory instinct—to break camp and move on further. One sees water running

through the meadows with feet of silver, hears the idle flapping of a sail, tastes in the very thickest of the office atmosphere the fresh, keen fragrance of some upland dawn. One longs to burn the desks and be off without delay. It is all very upsetting—this wild, sweet message spring brings, whispering cunningly to the heart that there are places where the world has never grown old, and that if one can only get away quickly enough, one's own youth can be caught there, unchanged, untamed. Very fleeting, very fugitive, too; for most of us,



D. McLeish.

A YOKE OF OXEN.

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alas, gone before it can be seized—a dream one sets aside with other dreams. If only the bodily and physical transfer could be immediate, it might be otherwise! If one could shoot across the earth's surface to these lovely places to catch them before the midsummer pomps have robbed them of their wonderful first suggestiveness—in May and early June!

With the waning of March the dream is apt to return more insistently, crossing the threshold into waking and action. One remembers that there is no harm, even thus early, in greasing the heavy, stiff leather of the mountain boots, putting in new nails, airing that old grimy knapsack and seeing that the straps are right. It brings the playground nearer. The thoughts of thousands turn to their luring memories of the Alps: Italy, Tyrol, Switzerland. Eyes turn to flaming posters in the streets, the mind considers routes, the fingers probably turn the pages of a time-table as though it were some novel of adventure; a few may even hear the wind in those "dark clustered trees" that "fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep."

And at once, though with a sense of impatience that will not be denied, one's daily work grows lighter. Magic names flit through the memory—the Engadine, the Bernese Oberland, the peaks of Valais and the valleys of Savoy, the flowered



D. McLeish.

THE FAVOURITE OF THE FARMYARD.

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uplands of Tyrol, the rustling chestnut woods of the Italian slopes, or the Bernina snowfields, rosy in the dawn. They are endlessly seductive; the scenery passes through the mind with a vividness of cinematograph films. One feels the blazing sunshine on the dusty roads of the Upper Engadine, returning from a climb that began before the dawn. The peasants are already bringing down their hay—the early June crop, and the fields will yield at least two more before October slips upon the valley with



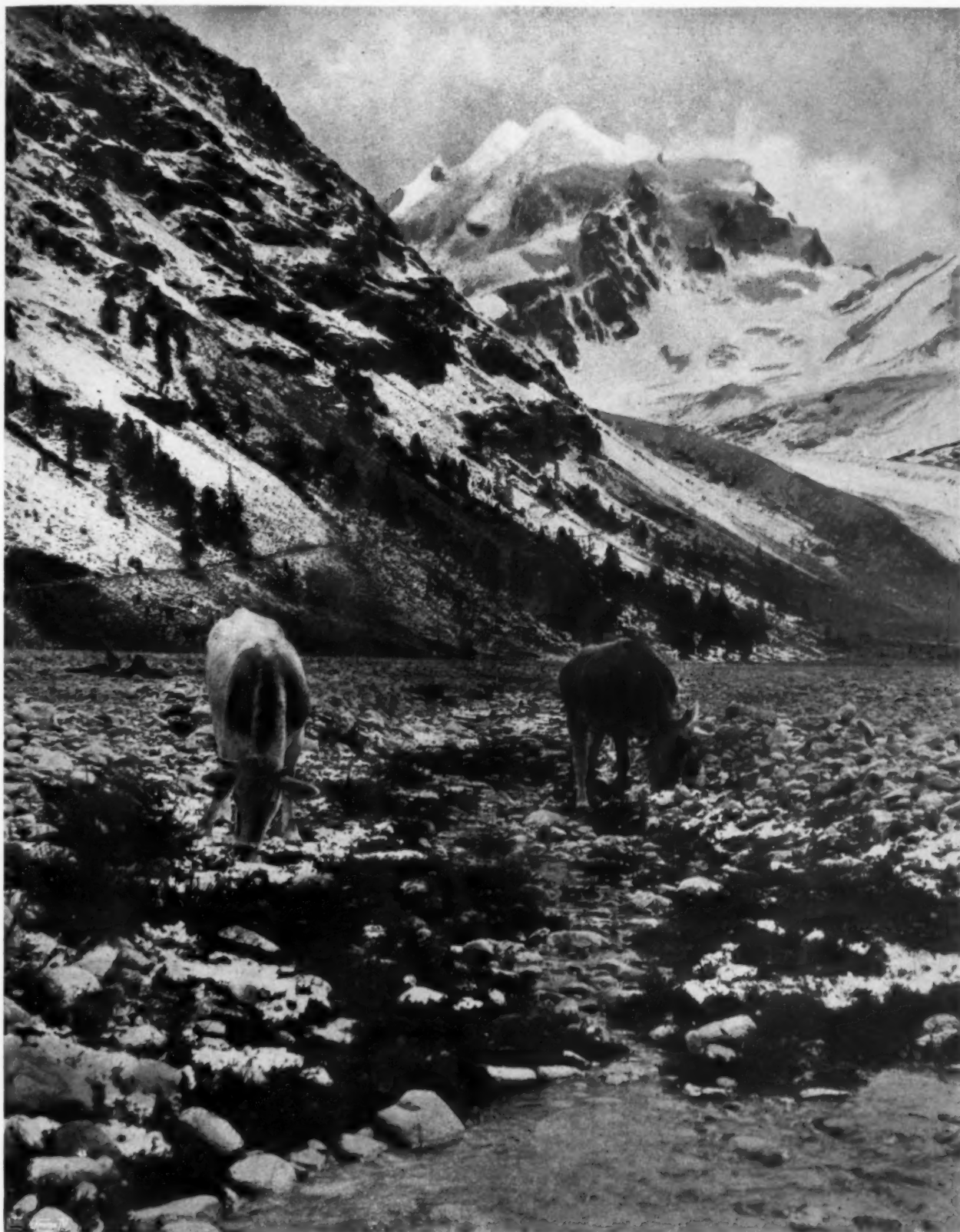
D. McLeish.

A FOAMING DRINK.

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its touch of frost and a wind chilled by the first flurries of snow. In the middle of the road the cart stands upon its tiny wheels, thick dust over the oxen hoofs, and the hay piled up on it in huge, bursting bundles packed in canvas sheets. It is three-parts flowers, and the perfume fills the air deliciously. Three hours before one passed the peasants, men and women, scything

falling water. The memory brings back the two together. Those small grey spots on some high, hanging slope beneath the very snow that looked like rocks, rise suddenly in a body and drift away to yet more dangerous declivities; the sound of bells floats across the deep, narrow valley; one thinks of "horns of Elfland faintly blowing" . . . the goats dot



D. McLeish.

IN AN ALPINE VALLEY.

Copyright.

it on slopes of perilous steepness, still wet with sparkling dew, patches of Alpenrosen gleaming in between. The still air rings with the gentle music of the cow-bells and the elusive tinkle of the smaller ones carried by the wandering herds of goats. For the goats are everywhere. In the valleys of the Austrian Tyrol, especially, the faint chiming comes upon every wind and haunts the air as inevitably as that other sound of

every landscape. Far above the tree-line, when life is least expected, one turns a corner, and there, lying among the boulders, grouped perhaps about some little wooden cross, their bodies rise out of the very ground, horns glistening in the sunshine. Not far away, hatless and usually bare-footed, hovers the boy or girl who shepherds them, idly singing, or playing the hours away on some rude flute of home manufacture, and not

uncommonly carrying in his arms a tired or injured young one. Dogs, except in the Bernese Alps, where, as a rule, they are big, ugly, savage brutes, are rarely seen with the flocks, but in the Valais villages every *châlet* owns at least one—cat! I remember seeing once, on the high uplands towards the frontier of Savoy, a herd of fifty goats led by a bare-legged girl to early pasture, all following in single file a—tabby cat. With tail erect, jerking the dew from its paws delicately, it proudly showed the way. "It has done so since its kitten days," said the girl.



D. McLish.

BRINGING BACK A WANDERER.

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It rubbed against their legs, and when they butted it in play it easily evaded the horns and showed no fear. She told me that one year they also had a stork! Her father found it on the mountains in the late autumn, delayed in its flight southwards by a broken leg. He healed the leg and kept the bird all the winter in the *châlet*, where it established a firm, if curious, friendship with the cat. In the spring, as soon as he heard that the other storks had returned to their chimneys of South Germany, he let it go, watching it fly away northwards with unerring instinct across the mountains to find its own again.

The pictures throng and crowd; there comes again the perfume of the pine woods, baked in sunshine; the scents of thousand flowers where the swallow-tails and apollo's dance with the fritillaries; in the evenings the echoing notes of the great Alpine horns as the peasants call the cattle home; the banks of the rock-strewn torrent where they go down to drink; and always that sky of clear and brilliant blue overhead.

As yet the snow still lies thick, of course, but these first softer winds of spring are already at work upon it, "eating it up," as the peasants say, "far more quickly than the sun." The roar of the swollen torrents fills the air. The upper *châlets*, locked and shuttered all the winter, often lying flush with the ground beneath enormous drifts, are being opened now. One thinks, and dreams, and calculates, making delightful plans. Old Pan has brought the news. Last night was heard that searching music of his pipes among the chimney-pots . . . and one begins to count the days.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

HIGH TEMPERATURE IN MILKING SHEDS—A FALLACY.

IT is not difficult to trace the origin of the notion, so common among dairy-farmers, that the warmer they can keep their dairy cows in winter the more milk they will give and the better will be its quality. The effects of exposure to extreme cold are too obvious to escape notice, and every cow-keeper knows that his milk yield will decrease if his cows are turned out in very severe weather; and from this it is falsely assumed that the warmer they are kept the better will be the results. They miss the conclusion that common-sense with a little reflection would dictate—that it is not coddling in a sort of Turkish bath, like exotics in a hothouse, that cows require to induce them to milk well, but just ordinary comfort and good food. There can be no doubt that the error has led to very serious consequences to the health of our cattle, and is the principal cause of the terrible scourge of tuberculosis. In aiming at a high temperature ventilation is neglected, and the close and vitiated atmosphere of the cowhouses renders them hotbeds of disease. Cowkeepers in towns have always been, and still are, the worst sinners in this respect; but once on their premises (at any rate in the case of London) cows are done with for any other purpose than slaughter. But, unfortunately, the same principle has been believed in,

though to a less extent, by country dairy-farmers, and so the breeding stock has suffered by neglect of the laws of hygiene. The pity of it is that the health of our herds has been sacrificed to a delusion which ought to have been exploded long ago by experiment. At last this has been done in a conclusive manner, and the fact cannot possibly be made known too widely. It is Scotland this time that we have to thank for light thrown on the darkness. In 1908-09 the Highland and Agricultural Society carried out an experiment on the effect of temperature and ventilation on the yield and quality of milk. The result seemed quite conclusive, but to make doubly sure the trials have been lately repeated, with exactly

similar effect. The procedure was as follows: Two equal lots of cows were selected from a herd as nearly as possible similar in respect of age, yield, quality of milk and period of lactation. The byre was divided into two parts by a wood and felt partition. One portion was freely ventilated and the other maintained at a higher temperature by the exclusion of air in the usual way, the difference being about nine or ten degrees all through the winter, the actual temperature of both compartments, of course, depending on that outside. There was a marked difference in the general health of the two lots of cows, those in the purer air doing much better in every centre at which the trials were carried on. The crucial point in the trials was, of course, the effect of greater warmth on the yield and quality of the milk, and the following was the result: The average yield in the cool byre per cow per day was 27.54 lb., and in the warm one, 27.14 lb., and the average percentages of fat, 3.74 and 3.7 respectively. It is, therefore, safe to say that free ventilation, even in very cold weather, may be given without loss of production, to say nothing of the better health under natural treatment.

STANDARD BREAD AND BRITISH FLOUR.

The extraordinary movement in favour of "standard bread," containing the germ of the wheat and the semolina and eighty per cent. of the whole grain, has come upon us like a bolt from the blue, and many are at their wits' end to forecast the results. The question which must at this moment be agitating the minds of all interested in British farming is, "Shall we derive benefit from the reform?" The reply depends very largely on technical considerations connected with the trade; but, so far as can be seen at present, there is a very good chance that the demand for home-grown wheat may be considerably increased. If the movement is only a passing rage for a new idea, it may only be a nine days' wonder; but if, as many of us hope, it has come to stay and rapidly becomes general, then there will be the greatest difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of the right sort of flour under the present system of milling. In that case the old country mills, driven by wind and water as well as by steam, may be set going again, because they possess the

old stones by the use of which the precious germs are preserved in the meal. Naturally, such a revival would mean much. Local wheat would be locally ground once more, and would at least have the advantage of being on the spot free of cost of transit by rail. If the Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the States is ratified, the fine but costly wheat of Western Canada will be diverted from us, and thus the severity of the competition with our own produce will be relieved. These two new movements, coming unexpectedly, may very possibly give an impetus to British wheat-growing for some years to come.

A. T. M.

FACTS ABOUT LAND.

In the Report of the Working of the Small Holdings and Allotments Acts during 1910 some interesting facts about land are given. The total quantity of land acquired by County Councils since the Act came into operation is 89,253 acres, of which 53,642 acres have been purchased for £1,695,836. The average price of the land purchased was therefore £31 12s. an acre. The quantity rented is 35,611 acres, for which the rent is £44,489. The average rent therefore is 25s. an acre. This works out to the value of land being twenty-five years' purchase. Sometimes one is disposed to feel some doubt about public bodies becoming landowners. If they bought at an extravagant price and the value dropped, it would come very hard on the ratepayers, who must ultimately find the purchase-money; but it is impossible to say that there is anything extravagant in an average price of £31 for agricultural land, and as the tendency at the present moment is decidedly in favour of its going up in value, the County Councils would so far appear to be on the safe side. This, we think, will be the business view of the situation. The political view is very different and has for pivot the question whether or not the acquisition of land by local authorities is a step towards land nationalisation. Also it must be remembered that a scheme of this kind cannot be fairly judged at its start. To use a metaphor that once was widely understood, no barnacles are attached to the ship, but there is always the chance that they will come with time.

IN THE GARDEN.

PLANTS FOR OLD MASONRY WALLS.

THE clothing of old walls with vegetation of a varied and more or less pleasing character is a phase of gardening which is being more widely adopted each year. When successful a wall thus treated should prove a source of great enjoyment to its owner and possess the additional merit of costing very little to maintain. Where dry walls have been specially built with a view to providing a congenial home for plants that naturally appreciate a more or less dry and elevated position, the process of evolving a pleasing array of flowers and foliage is much simplified, and as such walls have previously been dealt with, it is not proposed to give more than a passing word to them now.

It is in relation to the clothing of those old masonry walls which exist in so many gardens that information is often sought after, and it is here that the ingenuity of the gardener needs to be exercised to the utmost limit. Such old walls may be roughly divided into two sections, *i.e.*, retaining walls and those which have both sides more or less fully exposed to the elements. It is in the first-named set that we find the best home for our flowers; but those of the latter section, particularly on the sunny side, may be made attractive by the application of a reasonable amount of intelligent and unremitting care.

As in most other phases of gardening, the success or otherwise of our efforts to establish plants on walls of this description depends not a little on what may be termed the spade-work, consisting actually of the free use of a cold chisel and a hammer of substantial proportions. There is no doubt that the best way to establish plants in a masonry wall is to follow the dictates of Nature, and instead of attempting to introduce large plants of flabby character, to rely on very small seedlings, or, better still, the seeds themselves. While some successful wall-gardeners declare the autumn to be the best season for sowing seeds or introducing seedlings, others are equally emphatic in advocating the month of April as the best in which to do the work; and, all things considered, there is rather more to be said in favour of the latter period than the former.

To return to the preparation of the wall. This must be seen to without delay if seeds are to be sown this spring, as the earlier they are in now, the better. In the case of a retaining wall, the top usually forms a suitable ledge for several inches of soil, in which a number of plants may be grown that would scarcely thrive in the crevices between the bricks or stones. It is in the making and filling of these crevices that some care needs to be exercised. A long cold chisel, driven home with a heavy hammer, will, in most instances, quickly clear out sufficient of the mortar to allow a moderate packing with soil, and in some cases it may be possible to dislodge a small portion of brick or

stone without endangering the safety of the wall. All the crevices should slope downwards to some extent, so that any moisture which collects on the side of the wall may have an opportunity of reaching the roots of the plants. The best soil for filling such crevices is good turfy loam and chopped sphagnum moss, the latter being added for the sake of its moisture-retaining properties. This mixture must be rammed well into the crevices, a few small pieces of brick and stone being wedged in afterwards to prevent it being washed out. If these can be allowed to project slightly, and made to slope inwards and downwards, they will assist considerably in collecting moisture for the seedlings in the earliest and most critical stages of their career.

The actual sowing of the seeds may be done in various ways, but the most practical is to roll a few seeds into a small ball of similar soil to that used for filling the crevices, and thrust this well into the packed chinks. There is little danger of seeds sown in this way being blown out by wind. If seedlings are used they must be planted in the crevices at a very early stage of their career. If possible a heavy syringing of the wall late in the afternoons of bright days will assist the seedlings to become well established before the autumn. The clothing of masonry walls with plants is of necessity a slow procedure, and one that calls for a certain amount of patience on the part of the owner.

The following are plants that may be sown at the present time on walls of the description mentioned, and although some failures are almost certain to occur, sufficient success should be secured to induce the cultivator to sow more another year: For tops of retaining walls—Pentstemons, Wallflowers, Antirrhinums, Thrift, such Pinks as *Dianthus fimbriatus*, **alpinus*, **arenarius*, **cæsius*, **caryophyllus*, **cruentus*, *deltoides*, **suavis* and *sylvestris*; Alpine Poppies, *Aubrietias*, *Arabis alpina*, *Corydalis lutea*, *Alyssum*, *Lychnis Lagascæ*, *Campanula rotundifolia*, Foxgloves, *Honesty*, *Linaria alpina*, **L. Cymbalaria*, *Drabas* of various kinds, **Erinus* in variety, *Saponaria ocyroides*, *Gypsophila cerastioides*, *Sedums anglica*, *acre*, *dasyphyllum*, *rupestris* and *grandiflora*. In addition to those above which are marked with an asterisk, the following are suitable for the sunny, or partly sunny, side of a wall: Any of the encrusted *Saxifragas*, of which seed can be obtained; *Campanula muralis*, *C. pulla*, *C. garganica*, *C. cæspitosa*, *C. pumila* and *Arenaria cæspitosa*. For the shaded, or partly shaded, side: *Linaria Cymbalaria*, such mossy *Saxifragas* as *sancta*, *Elizabethæ*, *juniperifolia* and the *Campanulas* named above as suitable for the sunny side. The *Sedums* mentioned for the top of retaining walls are best installed by sowing the fleshy leaves. These should be pulled or shaken off the stems, mixed with fine potting soil and placed in the positions it is intended the plants

should occupy. There are, no doubt, many other plants that could be induced to thrive on old masonry walls, and not a little of the interest and pleasure derived from this form of gardening is obtained by experimenting with likely subjects.

In the crevices of dry walls practically all the plants named as suitable for the tops of retaining masonry walls could be grown, as there would, of course, be sufficient soil and moisture present to enable them to thrive. As previously stated, a dry wall possesses far greater possibilities than a bonded one, and the illustration on this page depicts a good example of the dry-wall gardener's art.

H.

NEW SAXIFRAGAS.

VISITORS to the fortnightly meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society cannot have failed to admire the many fine displays of Alpine plants apparently growing in miniature rock gardens. Perhaps the most popular of all Alpine

plants are to be found in the Saxifragas, and it is interesting to note that at least two varieties have received awards of merit from the society this spring. The first to receive this distinction was *Saxifraga bursiculata*. Its name, like the plant itself, is of hybrid origin, and is derived from *S. burseriana* and *S. apiculata*, the two parents of the new variety. The first-named is the seed parent and the latter the pollen parent. The cross is particularly interesting from the fact that *S. apiculata* is of garden origin and does not produce fertile seed—this being the first cross from an unfertile parent. The newcomer is of great promise, and will doubtless prove a valuable addition to the early-flowering varieties. The flowers are pure white and borne in little trusses well above the low-growing rosettes of foliage. The other species to gain an award of merit is *Saxifraga Petraschii*. This is likewise a white-flowering plant, and the flowers are remarkable for their purity and snowy whiteness. There seems to be a little doubt regarding the origin of this Saxifrage, as it is claimed to be a new species from the Transylvanian Alps, while there are not wanting signs of its hybridity. It is, however, a great acquisition to the encrusted section of the genus. The foliage is low growing and of a beautiful silvery grey, which enhances the beauty of the plant.

S.



A DRY WALL AND FLOWER-BORDER.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE MAGIC CAULDRON.

BY
LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.



"HURRAH!" cried Prince Perivex, as he slid down the banisters. "I have never been so happy before!

What a jolly place the world is! I shall put some apple fritters and cold asparagus in a basket and have a picnic." He stood on his head, turned three somersaults and disappeared into the garden.

"What a lovely morning!" exclaimed the King, as he sat very straight on his throne. (This he did for half-an-hour every day, since one has to practise even being a king.) "The geraniums will soon be in flower. Dear me, dear me—and the country is in such a flourishing state, too! I am sure the Army is sufficiently strong, whatever the Lord Chamberlain may say. How pleasing everything is!" And he beamed mildly to himself.

Even the Queen was in a good temper. "How well this shade becomes me," she said, as she chose a brilliant auburn wig, with red curls, from the assortment her ladies were presenting to her. (She wore a different coloured wig every day, for she was a lady who liked variety.) "I look seventeen. Why did no one ever tell me how well it suited me before?" But though her tone was sharp, she smiled so amiably that her special maid, who was accustomed to always have her head on the verge of being chopped off, nearly fainted from surprise! The Queen smiled gaily, pirouetted on one toe, and went down to breakfast humming a tune. It was the same all over the Palace. Everyone was as merry as possible, and had suddenly grown perfectly contented with themselves and everybody else. The Lord Chamberlain only smiled when a page at breakfast accidentally poured hot coffee down his neck.

And what was the cause of this charming state of things? Need you ask? Of course, it was the Old Woman with the magic cauldron, who was seated at the end of the lane, as she so often is on a spring morning, boiling soup as hard as she could. Everyone knows about her. When she starts cooking there is nobody within half a mile who does not at once become as happy as they can be, exactly as though the thing they wanted most has suddenly come true. If anyone succeeds in drinking some of the soup while it is still hot, they remain just as happy for ever; otherwise, as soon as the pot stops boiling, they relapse to whatever they were before. No wonder the Old Woman is popular! But she seldom stays anywhere. She wanders about the world and rarely remains more than two nights in the same place.

"Change of air is good for me," she says.

She is a very merry Old Woman, bent almost double, with eyes much bluer than the sky and a face with as many wrinkles as she has lived years. She dresses in brown and wears a Paisley shawl and an enormous bonnet trimmed with bright green ribbons. She is always laughing about something or other, for she lived in the Stone Age, when she was shepherdess to a flock of Iguanodons, which is such a very long time ago that she has had time to see enough amusing things to keep her from feeling bored for ever and ever. But she will not sell her soup nor even give it, except very occasionally, and there is no way known of getting round her.

"This is very successful soup," said the Old Woman, as she dipped her finger in the pot and sucked it appreciatively. It ought to have been! It was made of blue sky and early morning mist, and apple blossom with the dew on it, and smelt of the west wind. Now it bubbled merrily and the Old Woman saw it was on the boil. Just as she was stooping to lift the pot off the fire she heard a great hubbub, looked up, and there, coming round the corner of the lane, were the King and all his Court. Someone had told them about the Old Woman, so they had run off at once to beg for a little soup before it was too late.

The Old Woman sat blinking at them through a cloud of steam and waved a long wooden spoon.

"Good - morning," she said, cheerfully. "I'm just having my breakfast. It's very good, but needs a pinch more sunlight. I'm so glad to see you all. What a lovely day!"

"Madam," began the Lord Chamberlain, pompously, thrusting himself forward and stammering a little in his eagerness.

The Queen interrupted him.

"You are guilty of high treason," she said, and boxed his ears soundly. "You have spoken before *Us*. How dare you? You shall be executed at noon to-day. Remember, by the by, not to be late. We notice that you are inclined to forget your engagements. That is right," she went on, more indulgently, as the Lord Chamberlain conscientiously wrote down the time in his note-book. Then she turned to the Old Woman. "Well," she said, sharply, "where is the soup? Be quick!"

But the King, who was trembling with impatience, thrust forward a protesting hand. "I should be infinitely grateful," he began, in his courteous manner, "if you would most kindly allow me to taste your world-famed soup."

The Queen stamped furiously.

"How dare you speak! I come first," she shouted.

"My dear, you know soup always disagrees with you," said the King, mildly, "whereas I——"

"All very well," interrupted the Old Woman, her eyes twinkling, "but what am I to have out of all this? You don't expect me to give away my breakfast for nothing."

Everyone shouted at once, each offering something different. Only the Queen, who thought it absurd the Old Woman should want anything, turned her back and fumed.

"It is a pity," said the Old Woman, who had been eating steadily all this time, carefully wiping her mouth, "but there is not a drop left. You are all very generous, but while you were squabbling as to who should drink first, I finished it all. Another time, perhaps, when I pass this way again. Now I must be off."

"Oh! dear, dear, dear!" they all exclaimed. Then they grew just as cross and depressed as they had been before, only more so, because it was so annoying to have missed the soup. The Old Woman started to pack up her cauldron and paid no more attention to anyone. So there was nothing to do but to go home, which they did, very dejectedly. The Lord Chamberlain, who had already forgotten he was to be executed that afternoon, was telling the King that, unless the whole Army was put into a Nursing Home at once and fed on milk for three months, it must go immediately to pieces, so thin had it become and so shocking was the state of its nerves. The King agreed, meanwhile tears rolling down his cheeks, but said he had no influence.

The Queen, too, was in such a rage, and everyone was so upset, that nobody thought of looking for the little Prince, who had kept quiet while the others were talking. In fact, they forgot all about him. As soon as they were out of sight he popped out of the ditch where he had been hiding and smiled at the Old Woman in the most engaging way.

"They were all making such a noise," he said, calmly, "that I could not have made myself heard, however much I tried. Thank goodness they are gone! Now it is my turn. I really must taste your soup. I am sure my health will suffer if I do not. Or perhaps you might sell me the cauldron? I fear I couldn't pay for it yet; but if you don't mind waiting till I become King you shall have anything you like to ask for. You may even reign instead of me. I shall be delighted. Only the soup I must have."

"Well!" said the Old Woman, "you are the coolest brat I have met for a long time." And she chuckled to herself.

"One cannot get what one wants if one loses one's head," said Prince Perivex, "and it is very important that I should get the soup."

"So a lot of people have said," answered the Old Woman, "but they didn't. Just think if I had to make soup for everyone, merely because they asked me to—a pretty state of things that would be! No, no, my little friend, this soup's far too precious to be wasted, though I *do* let a few folks taste it now and then."

"Then why not me?" asked the Prince.

"Because you're several centuries too young," said the Old Woman, "and because I don't choose you should. Now run away home. You'll never learn to be a King properly if you waste your time like this!"

"Whether I taste the soup or not," said the Prince, firmly, "I am not going home. About *that*, at least, my mind is made up. They are all getting on my nerves. I shall (with your permission) stick to you until you do as I ask. I am sure you will grow quite fond of me in time. Really I am much nicer than I look."

"Bless my soul," cried the Old Woman, "hark at him!" And she screwed up her eyes and laughed and laughed.

"But I mean it," said Prince Perivex, "and when I mean a thing I do it. I know lots of riddles and a few conjuring tricks, so you will find me an agreeable companion. Besides, I will carry the cauldron."

"And, after all, why not?" said the Old Woman; "it's getting a bit too much for me. Well, come along, then. When I was a girl I could lift a baby mastodon and think nothing of it; but when you're a few million years old you can't do just what you used to. There's no reason why we shouldn't get on as well as possible. You're a nice-looking boy and I'm very fond of conjuring tricks."

So they started, the Prince and the Old Woman, carrying the cauldron between them. Oh! what fun it was! They walked up and down the world and back again. The Old Woman was never tired or cross or down-hearted, and she told the most wonderful stories, all perfectly true. She remembered every amusing thing which has been done or said since the earth's beginning, so she had always plenty to talk about. They had always fine weather, for whenever she laughed the sun peeped out to listen, and the sea and wind calmed down at once for fear they should lose anything. Wherever they boiled the cauldron everyone grew happy, and there was always a crowd round the Old Woman, begging to taste the soup, which, of course, would make their happiness last for ever. But she very rarely consented, for she is a wise Old Woman and knows exactly what is good for people. As to the Prince, coax as he might, she wouldn't let him taste a drop.

"Just wait," she said, "till you are my age. Then you'll know what you really want." And she pinched his ear playfully.

The Prince, therefore, had to eat whatever he came across, which was chiefly blackberries, mushrooms, apples, bread, cream and bullseyes from the village shops. As a matter of fact, everyone was always so delighted to see them that they were given whatever they wanted. So Perivex fared very well and grew stronger every day.

"By the by," said the Old Woman one afternoon, as they sat under a palm tree, drinking cocoanut milk—they had somehow wandered into Africa—"I forgot to tell you. If you ever touch the cauldron without permission you will turn at once into a hippopotamus. Of course, I know you would never think of doing such a thing, but I thought I had better warn you. Anyhow, I'm not responsible. It was an idea of the Magician who invented the whole concern. A nasty, spiteful old fellow he was, too!"

"But how amusing!" said the Prince. "That is an idea I should like to have had myself. What a pity the Lord Chamberlain is not here. He is cut out for a hippopotamus. We might have worked it somehow." Then he turned over and went to sleep.

They wandered everywhere for years and years and years. The Old Woman knew everyone, and they were always welcome. They stayed with all the Ogres and Kings and Bishops and Magicians and Millionaires and Commanders-in-Chief and Dukes and Presidents who have ever been heard of and lots who haven't. They were entertained by a charming family of Polar bears at the North Pole, and the Great Cham of Tartary built a palace especially for them, where they stayed one night. At last, during one of the hottest days in June, they came to a forest, and in the middle was a castle built of blue and green porcelain.

"One of my greatest friends lives here," said the Old Woman, "a King with the kindest heart in the world, though he's not very clever, poor dear. I am feeling rather out of breath, and shall stay with him for several months to recover myself. I hope you will enjoy the visit; this forest is dull now, but it used to be full of dragons when I was young. We caught them

by filling the ponds with raisins soaked in brandy, which we set on fire—their favourite food. Such an amusing game; we called it snap-dragon. I don't suppose they do that now. We got hold of quite a lot that way, I remember, and then we tied ribbons round their necks and they followed us about like lambs. Ah! those were happy times." And her voice grew quite husky as she spoke of the past.

The King, a charming old man with a somewhat wavering manner, was delighted to see them, and begged they would remain with him for at least twelve years. "Our young friend," he said, nodding kindly towards the Prince, "will not be bored, I hope. My daughter will enjoy so much having him as a companion. You remember Cherubina?" he went on to the Old Woman. "She is quite a big girl now."

As he spoke the Princess appeared. She was so pretty that when you first saw her it took you quite half-an-hour to make yourself believe she was real. She had shining copper hair and a dress which she and her favourite peacock—a particularly brilliant bird—had designed between them. She was followed by two peacocks now, who held the end of her train in their beaks. Her father showed signs of nervousness, but smiled at her affectionately.

"I am very glad to see you," she said to the Old Woman, graciously extending her hand, "for I am sure you will entertain us, and we need it sadly. My father says that you know a great many amusing stories. Please begin telling them at once. I have not laughed for quite six months, and there is nothing I like better." She seated herself on the grass and waited.

"Here is a young Prince, who has come all this way to play with you, my dear," said her father, a little timidly. "You shall hear the stories later on. I have a lot to talk about now. So run away like a nice, good child."

The Princess looked the Prince up and down critically for a minute or two, then smiled and gave him her hand. "Very well," she said, "I daresay you know some good stories, too. Anyhow, we can always catch goldfish. Come along." And they went off together.

"You are not *very* talkative," she said, after they had walked some time in silence and Prince Perivex had done nothing but blush and stammer at whatever subject of conversation she started. "What a bore! I thought I was going to be amused at last."

The Prince stopped dead. "May I say something?" he asked in a solemn voice, gazing at her earnestly.

"But, of course, that is what I want," said Cherubina, impatiently.

"It is only that I am madly in love with you," said Perivex. "I thought you had better know, and it's no use being angry with me, because I really can't help it."

"I should be extremely angry if you *weren't*," said Princess Cherubina, severely. "Well, I'm glad it's happened so soon, for now, of course, you will do whatever I tell you without the smallest hesitation."

So that was settled. The Prince grew more and more in love every day. They were all as happy as possible; they spent their time simply, but agreeably, in organising expeditions which never came off, playing Poker Patience, and inventing new salads to please the King. The Old Woman, too, told stories amusing enough to satisfy even Cherubina, but she never mentioned the magic cauldron, for reasons of her own. One day, however, she spoke of it by accident.

"But how wonderful! How delightful!" exclaimed the Princess. "Do, do, do let me see it at once!"

"I can't, my dear," said the Old Woman; "you would never give me a moment's peace if I did. Besides, I'm having a rest."

"It would be so kind," said the King, entreatingly. "I should so like Cherubina to see that wonderful invention." But the Old Woman was not to be persuaded.

From that moment Cherubina talked of nothing else. She knew it was no use worrying the Old Woman, so she scolded, begged and entreated the Prince that he should coax her into boiling the cauldron; but he only shook his head, sorrowfully, for he knew he could do nothing. Suddenly an idea struck Cherubina.

"Would you do anything, *anything* I asked you, if it was in your power?" she asked, earnestly.

"Anything," said the Prince, passionately; "you know I would."

"You swear?" said Cherubina.

The Prince swore with all the fervour of which he was capable. Cherubina was much relieved.

"That is all right," she said, clapping her hands. "You know where the cauldron is? Well, you can fetch it from the Old Woman's room and boil it for me yourself. Why did neither of us think of this before?"

"Alas!" said the Prince, "if I touch the cauldron without permission I turn into a hippopotamus."

"But I don't mind that at all!" cried Cherubina. "In fact, I think it would be great fun! You could live in the lake with a large pink bow tied round your neck, and I would feed you every day. It is a splendid idea!"

Here was a difficulty, because, of course, the Prince could not go back from his word, even if it had not been given to the Princess. At the same time, he strongly objected to becoming a hippopotamus. However, there was no help for it; so, sighing, he went off to fetch the cauldron.

The Princess waited impatiently, collecting sticks meanwhile. Perivex brought the cauldron, and they hung it over the fire; but long before it started to boil the Prince had turned into a hippopotamus.

"This is very tiresome," said Cherubina, stamping her foot. "Surely you might have waited a little longer. Now I shan't see it at all"; but before she could say any more, the King and the Old Woman came tottering up as hard as they could come.

"Well, here's a pretty piece of work!" cried the Old Woman, almost shaking Cherubina, she was so angry. "A nice thing you've done. Here's this poor boy turned into a hippopotamus, and all because of you. I know he's not to blame. Now, what are we to do, I should like to know?"

"I suppose you can turn him back again," said the Princess, who began to feel frightened.

"That's exactly what I can't do. The Wizard left no directions." And for the first time in her life the Old Woman was really put out.

By this time the Princess was extremely penitent and the King, who hated that a guest of his should be treated with anything like discourtesy, genuinely concerned. They did what they could. A large pond was filled daily with Devonshire cream instead of mud, and in it the poor hippopotamus spent most of the day.

"I suppose I had better say that I'll marry him now to make up for all this," said Cherubina, a little unwillingly; so an announcement was made that the Princess would marry Prince Perivex as soon as he recovered his proper form.

Meanwhile she was very nice to the hippopotamus, let him follow her round the garden, and showed her appreciation of his noble conduct by tying large bows of ribbon round his neck and tail, which soothed and comforted him not a little.

Still, the situation was a painful one, and threatened to last all the Prince's life. Cherubina began to reproach herself bitterly. Besides, it is a bore to find one's self engaged to a hippopotamus who is never likely to become a Prince, and she most sincerely wished that she had behaved with more consideration.

"Why, oh why, could I not have been in love with him at once?" she asked herself one morning. Then she started. "Why! perhaps I was all the time!" She thought for a little, then started again, still more violently. "Why! perhaps I am still. Good gracious me! Why! I am sure of it!" And she darted off at full speed to tell the hippopotamus, who was drearily rolling in his bath of cream.

"Dearest," she shouted, breathlessly, "what do you think? I have suddenly discovered that I am really and truly in love with you!" And she danced up and down on the bank in her excitement.

The hippopotamus stood very still, for he could hardly believe his ears. Then the words slowly trickled through his brain into his heart, and it began to swell. It swelled and swelled until it grew much larger than hippopotamuses' hearts generally are, and still it went on swelling. At last it got so large it burst through his skin, and the Prince stepped out, safe and sound, and quite himself again! Oh! how glad they both were! He waded with some difficulty to the shore, embraced Cherubina, and then, both completely covered with cream, they rushed off to find the King and the Old Woman.

They were married at once, and the Old Woman, who saw they were now ready for it, gave them each a bowl of soup as a wedding present, so they will continue to be just as happy for ever and ever. Then she kissed them and went away, for she was anxious to begin her wanderings again.

So there she is, still tramping up and down the world, making soup and tantalising people by not allowing them to drink it; but as she is a very wise Old Woman, she is probably right.

THE HOME OF THE CAIRNGORM.

IN olden days cairngorms were not infrequently found in the corries of the Cairngorm Mountains; but so widespread and systematic has been the search for them during recent years that it is rare indeed that one comes across a vein. It may be mentioned that a cairngorm is composed of quartz,

and is usually hexagonal in shape, with the end beautifully pointed. The stones vary in colour, and their value depends on their colouring. On the Cairngorm Mountains we have met with two varieties of stones—one of a very dark bluish colour, the other, known as "smoky" cairngorm, of a colour very similar to sherry. Towards the end of last season we were engaged in obtaining photographs and measurements of some of the eternal snowfields of the Cairngorm

Mountains, and while photographing one such field, lying hidden away in a deep and gloomy corrie far out of the beaten track of even the Highland stalkers, we were much struck by a conspicuous vein of white quartz which ran down the rocks for some distance before disappearing under the snow. A closer inspection

showed us that a few feet above the snowfield many cairngorm crystals of exceptional size were projecting from the vein; but, though we made vigorous efforts to dislodge them by using pieces of stones as chisels, we made very little impression and did more harm than good. A few days later, however, having enlisted the services of a neighbouring stalker, we made a second expedition to the corrie, armed with various hammers, chisels, etc. Though



WORKING THE SEAM.



CHIPPING STONES OFF THE ROCK.

October was wearing on, the weather was extremely hot, with a cloudless sky and scarce a breath of wind, and we pitied the stalker, who had to cross a mountain over four thousand feet high in order to reach his pickaxe, which he had left on an exposed ridge where cairngorm stones had occasionally been found. We reached the corrie some time in advance of him, and certainly his route of descent seemed, from our point of view, hazardous in the extreme. Before long, however, we heard enormous rocks hurtling down the precipice, and ultimately the stalker put in an appearance, very hot and tired, but quite sound and uninjured! His skilful eye at once marked a large rock, which, he said, must be moved at all costs. This, however, proved a very difficult task, for the foothold was precarious and the rock extraordinarily hard to move. Ultimately, however, after hours of levering with the pick, the rock suddenly gave way, almost carrying the stalker down with it, and giving the photographer, who was standing below, camera in hand, an anxious moment. Beneath the rock was the "red clay," among which nearly all the best cairngorm stones are found, and we made an excellent haul, finding some hundred and fifty stones, some of which were very fine specimens, and without any flaw. It was probably owing to the snow that the vein had never been discovered, for the stones must have been under the snow for fully eleven months out of the twelve in an average season, and must often have been covered the whole year round. The photographs are of a well-known Highlander and stalker hard at work at the vein.

SETON GORDON.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

THOSE of us who have lived long enough to remember the old squires of the past will not fail to remember what gentlemen they were, and in some instances what autocrats. The squire of the twentieth century is not of necessity a man of ancient lineage and name, although he may covet both. His title is frequently applied to him in terms of flattery, for he commands it at the hands of those who hope to derive some benefit at his hands. The squires of old were squires by birth; their position was unchallenged, and their conduct justified their claims. Their interests were identified with their tenantry and their men, and they were proud of their ancestors and their homes. These things are changed, for their successors do not in many instances hold the same position in the county in which they live, for the majority are new men who are in possession of old acres, the old order having almost passed away. Yet as one who has often received hospitality at the hands of both the old squire and the new, I am bound to say that if I sometimes miss the courtly manners and humility of the one, I find much that is to be admired in the other.

The new squire may have made his fortune in commercial life, or have inherited his estate from a father who built up the family by a similar procedure; but if he has learned the value of money he has also learned to spend it with advantage to those around him, and his liberality in all that relates to sickness, education and the poor is worthy of all commendation. There is a marked difference, however, in relation to the sporting character of the two generations. Dog and gun have given place to a large extent to coaching, polo, the breeding of exhibition stock, the motor-car and foreign travel, in which facilities are afforded of which the squire of a century ago had never dreamt. In the olden days rural England was in the occupation of families of the old régime. They lived among their own people, and took great delight in contributing to their pleasures and diminishing their woes. Their friends were selected from the class to which they belonged, and each family treated each member as only such people can: To-day there is a type of squire who is not always to be found at the Hall, nor are members of his family frequent callers upon the village people. He seldom bends to tradesman or to farmer, while to labourers and their families he is little known. His orders pass into the hands of his agents, and filter from the agent to the foreman. He shuns all contact with men whom he considers to be beneath him, with the result that the magnetism which should attract his neighbours to his side is replaced by scorn, and all sympathy between man and man is lost. How can boys bred in such an atmosphere fail to become antagonistic to the masses? Love, respect and the feelings of a gentleman are unknown to them, and they grow into selfish men.

On the other side, boys brought up beneath the wing of the exacting and unsympathetic squire are led to cherish feelings of dislike to the class he represents, with the result that they become wasters, a burden to their parents and a disgrace to the parish in which they live. I have seen too much of the effects of neglect at the hands of responsible men. The squire who owns a large portion of the parish has many legal rights, but

he has responsibilities, which are of greater moment. To his influence may be attributed the habits, conduct and character of many lads, and the success or failure of their careers. The making of a child lies mainly in its mother's hands, the example of its father being a material help; but father and mother on large estates are to a large extent what the squire makes them if they come under his direct influence, as so many should.

The old squires with their traditions have passed away, but their names are graven on their tombs—if partially obliterated by lichen and the hand of Time. How Nature levels all; their bones of no more account than those of the men who dug their graves. These men were leaders in their time—some of political, some of social movements, for they believed in the divine right of their position and the supremacy of their class. They made the most of their opportunities, controlling their inferior neighbours almost by consent; and owing to their power and the means which gave it them, they represented their county, or some pocket town, in Parliament. Hospitality was dispensed freely, and no poor man ever went to the Hall and returned empty-handed.

The sons of the old squire were trained carefully, the eldest to succeed to his position and estate, the younger for the Army, the Navy, or the Church, and as the living of the parish was usually in his father's gift, it was not uncommon for the youngest to obtain the presentation. Farmers who are tenants on our large estates have still some reverence for blood, and this, to some extent, explains the conservative nature of their character. Yet they, too, have changed, and through the agency of progressive men they have wrested many of the privileges connected with the tenure of their land which were the relics of feudal days. The squires of old would rise from their graves if they were able to realise the fact that their word was no longer law, and that agreements are now based upon modern legislation. Yet rents are paid as punctually and tenants are more capable than they were, while the produce of their farms has increased by the aid of those forms of education which were once believed to be the advent of ruin to the country people. Where could the journalist of the past—if the term can be applied to the old reporter—have found an old English gentleman who would have agreed to give a vote to his dependents, to pay his tenant compensation for good farming, or to listen to Free Trade? These and many other questions he regarded as weapons of the Evil One for the destruction of his native land. Yet he had all the courage of his class and faith in his convictions. We may, however, say much the same of modern men who hold modern views and dispense hospitality on a much larger scale. We may have parted company with the Talbots and De Veres and replaced them by the Smiths; but if the Smiths hold week-end receptions and drive a coach and four, they contribute with bounteous hands to the various institutions which have been called into existence since the expansion of modern England. If the old squire possessed virtues, he had vices too, and in this he differs but little from the Smiths, whose aggressiveness is a severe contrast with his stately habits.

The modern squire, with habits born of industry and toil, invests in some old acres and improves the Hall, making such additions as are consistent with the times. To his estate he adds fresh acres as he is able to buy them up, taking pride in the improvement of his property, which he delights to show to his friends from town. He loves the older portion of his mansion, his gardens and his park, but he blends with them those artistic and essential details without which his home would be incomplete. In dress, in manners and in his patronage of sport he endeavours to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor. He has a house in town, now within easy reach with his slashing motor, stalls at the Opera, and all that is calculated to gratify the appetites of his sons and daughters. It is here that wealth is dispensed with a too lavish hand. The man who founds a family seldom founds it well. He is anxious that his sons should marry blood, and his daughters men of promise and position, to which end he cultivates society—than which nothing can be worse. Men who combine wisdom with wealth give their children a liberal education and provide them with the means of earning their own livelihood or of becoming useful to their fellow-men. This is the real role of young men and women who happen to be born with the proverbial silver spoon. Rear them with the soulless aim of becoming superior beings and of living luxurious and useless lives, and in the end they find their way among the "might have beens" who have made a hash of life.

If the modern squire is less of an aristocrat than his predecessor, he is more practical. He is the product of the age, while the numbers of his class are fifty times more numerous than the squires of a hundred years ago, and their names infinitely more varied, for many of them have sprung from the lower ranks; and who shall say that they have not added something worthy to the English name?

JAMES LONG

THE COLLECTION CHAUCHARD.



From a Painting

LES LAVEUSES—EFFET DE SOLEIL COUCHANT.

By Daubigny.

THE collection of pictures which the generosity of M. Chauchard has bequeathed to the Louvre will ensure for ever the adequate representation in the great gallery of France of the Romantic School. Leaving out of sight the works of Meissonier, a concession to the popular curiosity, we cannot but admire the breadth and wisdom of M. Chauchard's choice. Excellently guided, he purchased the masterpieces of his favourite painters with prudence and courage. There is not one of them that is not seen in his worthiest examples, and a mere enumeration is enough to

prove the extent of M. Chauchard's posthumous munificence. A collection which contains twenty-six pictures by Corot, fifteen by Diaz, nine each by Rousseau and Millet, besides specimens of the art by Delacroix, Daubigny, Decamps, Troyon and Dupré, may hardly be matched of its own kind in Europe.

The painters called Romantic, various as they seem to-day, were at the outset all inspired by the same sentiment and cherished the same ambition. Born into a France which, enslaved by an outworn classicism, had long accepted formulæ for observation, they determined to see and think for themselves. They deserted



From a Painting

LES CHEVRIERS DES ÎLES BORROMÉES.

By Corot.

the studios of the Masters for the open air. They forgot in the forest the prim insipidity of David, and they were confident in the buoyancy of their youth that they were recreating the art of painting. Being the conscious evangelists of a new style, they spoke of themselves in precisely the same terms as are employed by a so-called school of to-day, and with far better right. "It was the fundamental principle of their doctrine," wrote Heine, after visiting the Salon of 1831, "to paint otherwise than the others,



From a Painting

LA TRICOTEUSE.

By Millet.

or, to use the fashionable expression, to let their individuality emerge." It was easy to divine what sort of pictures this ambition would give the world. To the near eye of a contemporary it seemed as though each painter were working in accord with his own taste and on his own account. Caprice appeared to dominate everybody. "La palette," said Heine, "fournit les couleurs les plus brillantes, et la toile souffre tout." And it is the paradox of time that to-day the Romantics of seventy years ago are of a classical, old-fashioned aspect. We look in vain for the extravagance and lawlessness which so grimly shocked the classics of 1830. A little distance sets all things in a right



From a Painting

LE BATELIER.

By Corot.

proportion, and the works of Delacroix and Decamps, which created so vast a sensation at Heine's first Salon, suggest, each after the painter's own fashion, no more at last than the noble commonplace of accepted mastery.

But the Romantic painters of the early nineteenth century, though they believed piously in the duty of self-expression, were not content to be merely a law unto themselves. If they rejected the teaching of their immediate predecessors, they did not wholly scorn the august traditions of their craft. They had studied with reverence and admiration the pictures of the Old Masters, which Napoleon had gathered together on his victorious campaigns. Above all, they had come under the spell of Bonington, Constable and certain other painters of the English school. It was at the Salon of 1827, a year ever memorable in the history of painting, that the portraiture of Sir Thomas

Lawrence and the romantic landscape of Constable obtained the ascendancy in France which they have never since lost. Above all, the naturalism of Constable was the revelation of another world. For the first time the painters of France, trained within the limits of a stern convention, saw the open air interpreted in the canvases of a contemporary. Henceforth, if they did not look upon Nature with Constable's eyes, they



From a Painting

LE PASSAGE DU GUÉ.

By Corot.

sought the same visions which had attracted him—the giant trees and silent pools of the forest, the hay-wans and horses of the country-side, the lofty, all-embracing sky. In brief, they took the material of Constable's art for their own, and gave it, each after his own temperament, a separate understanding.

So they grew into a school, sharing the same aims and ambitions. We all know that they lived and worked at Barbizon, upon which they have conferred a too familiar fame, and that they studied with life-long devotion the moods of the forest. Yet here, to the understanding of to-day, their accidental association ceases. It is impossible to hold Corot and Diaz, for instance, or Millet and Daubigny within the boundaries of a clique. Corot, the most famous of them all, appears to a modern eye a pupil rather of Claude than of Constable. When you look upon his pictures you find it hard to understand that his art was a reaction against classicism. So severely classical, indeed, was he in temper that he invented a formula for himself, and there is a calm monotony in his pictures which may be recognised as easily as the poetry of Virgil. By eliminating all that was not to his purpose, by choosing only such trees as chimed with his humour, by preference a silver birch, he gave to Nature a shape and colour which were his own. Set upon his canvas, Ville d'Avray wears much the same aspect as the Forest of Fontainebleau—an aspect of greyness and tranquillity. Another, "Une Soirée," is an evening in fairyland. Beneath the trees in "Les Chevaliers des Iles Borromées" enchanted nymphs might have danced, but no mortals. In brief, Corot was the poet of dawn and twilight, who, for all his cult of romanticism, still spoke the language of the classics, and carried us away far from the glades of modern France to the groves and temples of an Augustan age.

Diaz was a far more faithful interpreter of landscape than was Corot. It was not his purpose to carve Nature into classical shapes. He did not attempt to force the visible world into formal compositions. He looked upon the landscape of his favourite forest with a clear and literal eye. He was content to reproduce the noble trees and pleasant streams that he saw with the actual fidelity of portraiture. A finished craftsman, with a rich sense of colour, he has shown us Barbizon as he saw it himself, without the intervention of ancient theories or the reminiscence of the works of others. His "Lisière du Forêt" gives us a vivid impression of time and place.

The structure of the trees, the atmosphere, the cloud-covered sky are rendered with the truth and certainty which belong only to the great artist. He is not concerned to invent a new method, despite the protestations of Heine; he makes no pretence, as some modern painters pretend, to reveal his own soul. But he has put upon canvas the secrets which Nature revealed to him; he has rendered in paint, as his friend Dupré said, the magic of the sunlight in the leaves.

Of another temper and ambition was J. F. Millet. He, too, like Corot, was a born Old Master. It was the Louvre that taught him the first lessons of life and art. He was an obedient pupil of the later Italians. But if it was from them that he learnt the lessons of craftsmanship, the material of his art was all his own. He translated into the traditional terms the life and pursuits of the country-side, and became, so to say, the patient historian of his epoch. "La Tricoteuse," "La Gardeuse des Moutons," "Le Vanneur," are one and all transcripts of rural industry, treated with a grave sobriety, and with a colour which sometimes seems crude and inharmonious. It was not wholly Millet's fault that sentimentality discovered in his pictures something which he had not put there himself, that the unknowing spectator saw therein something that was helpful to his soul, that the millionaire prized and bought his works for the worst quality which they possessed. It was not the artistic worth of the "Angelus," we are sure, which persuaded two

Continents to gamble for its possession. Nevertheless, Millet cannot altogether be absolved. There can be no doubt that sometimes he went beyond the limits of his art, and demanded for his painted canvas an appreciation which should belong only to moral discourses. No such reproach may be thrown at Daubigny, whose placid landscapes appeal to no other than an æsthetic sense. He is, above all, a painter of exquisite skies, of river scenes, of quiet atmospheric effects. He makes no pretence to grandeur; he asks your sympathy for nothing but an aspect of Nature; and the worst that can be said of him is that his restless foregrounds sometimes perplex the eye. Even in "Les Laveuses," here reproduced, you cannot but feel your attention distracted by a multiplicity of detail. K.

FEEDING BIRDS.

I OFTEN hear of birds being fed in winter on nuts, but have never heard of anyone giving them flake oats—the Provost Oats. Birds love them, all small birds, and they are so nourishing and warming. I have used them for years in winter and our bitter springs, even in summer when wet and cold. I give them often, along a wide, dry path, and also in dry nooks and corners behind shrubs, where shy birds can get a quiet feed. I am well repaid by their songs, by the burst of music, as I come near my place. People often exclaim at the number of birds about. The sparrows and the chaffinches are the greedy ones; fortunately, they are later in the morning and go to bed earlier than most birds.

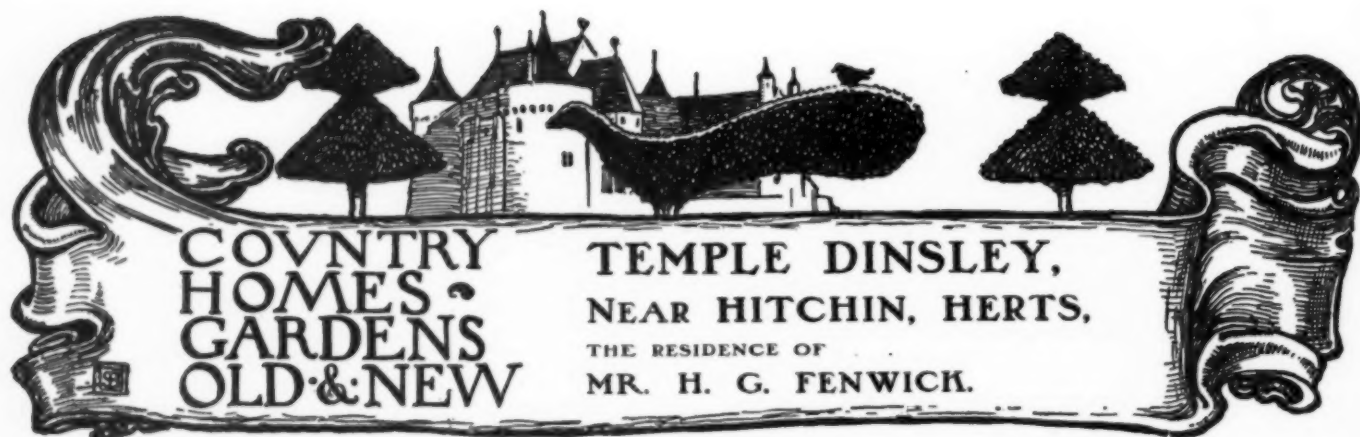


From a Painting

LISIÈRE DE FORÊT.

By Diaz.

Blackbirds and thrushes are late; but last of all are the robins, coming sometimes for their supper when I can hardly see them, but only hear their "tic-tic." One little hen, when very hungry, follows me about the garden, perching on twigs quite close, and giving a very short, sweet song, with her mouth wide open, then a sharp "tic" until I feed her. When she is sitting the cock bird often carries some flake oats to her. Both birds carry beakfuls constantly to the young in the nest, and afterwards, when they are big enough to look after themselves and there is another nestful on the road, they are introduced to me by being shown the oats and left in my care. One cold winter many strange robins came, and once, when they crowded on a rose bush with the setting sun shining on them, the bush looked as if in bloom. Some time back I had a pair of robins for several years. In the winter the cock bird stayed at the back of the house and the hen in the front. In springtime they were together again, bringing up many broods. One June something went wrong with the hen's beak; the under bill was bent, so that she could not pick up anything. There were two young ones just hatched, and the cock fed them; but the oats were too dry. I put bread sopped in milk, and he never made a mistake—sop for the little hen, oats for the young ones. She got worse, and could only swallow small worms; she let them wriggle down. The cock bird did his best to find them, and I helped as far as I could. She grew rounder, more fluffy, like a ball, feathers all on end. One morning she was frightened and flew from the garden into a meadow, and I lost her. In the afternoon I heard her mate singing loudly in a cottage garden near; so thinking the hen must be there, I went and asked, and the woman told me she had found the bird dead with a broken leg on her doorstep, she thought from a stone. She had known the bird for some years, as it came for crumbs. I carried it back, the cock following, still singing. He watched me put it under a bay tree and cover it over. Then his song stopped; he went away, and I never saw or heard that bird again. I hope nothing happened to him—that he found a new home; but I fear he thought I killed his little wife. No two robins are quite alike. M. E. MURRAY.



IT is in the fascinating power of some simple English manors to lead us abruptly from the parochial tale of carucates and pannage that we read of in the Domesday Survey, into the great fields of national and even of European history.

In the case of Temple Dinsley it is the Temple which gives the cue. Dinsley, or, as they wrote it then, Deneslai, was part of the manor of Hitchin, and became interesting when Bernard de Balliol was its lord. This Bernard has an obscure history; but this much is clear: he flourished between 1135 and 1167. He it was who built Castle Barnard, the ruins of which still overhang the Tees. John, the third or fourth (it is not certain which) Balliol in succession from Bernard, founded Balliol College,

Oxford, and his son was the ineffective John Balliol, King of Scotland, who contrived, however, to give so much trouble to Edward I. Bernard de Balliol brought Dinsley into the current of European affairs somewhere between 1145 and 1153, probably in 1147, with pleasant scenical accessories. Chauncy, the first historian of Hertfordshire, relates that Bernard gave to the Knights Templars land worth fifteen pounds a year, called Wedelee, at Hitchin, "which gift," he says, "was made in the Capitol of Rome, where Pope Eugenius was present, on the octaves of Easter; and at Paris where the King of France and four archbishops and one hundred and thirty Knights Templars, clothed in their white vestments, were present." This is all

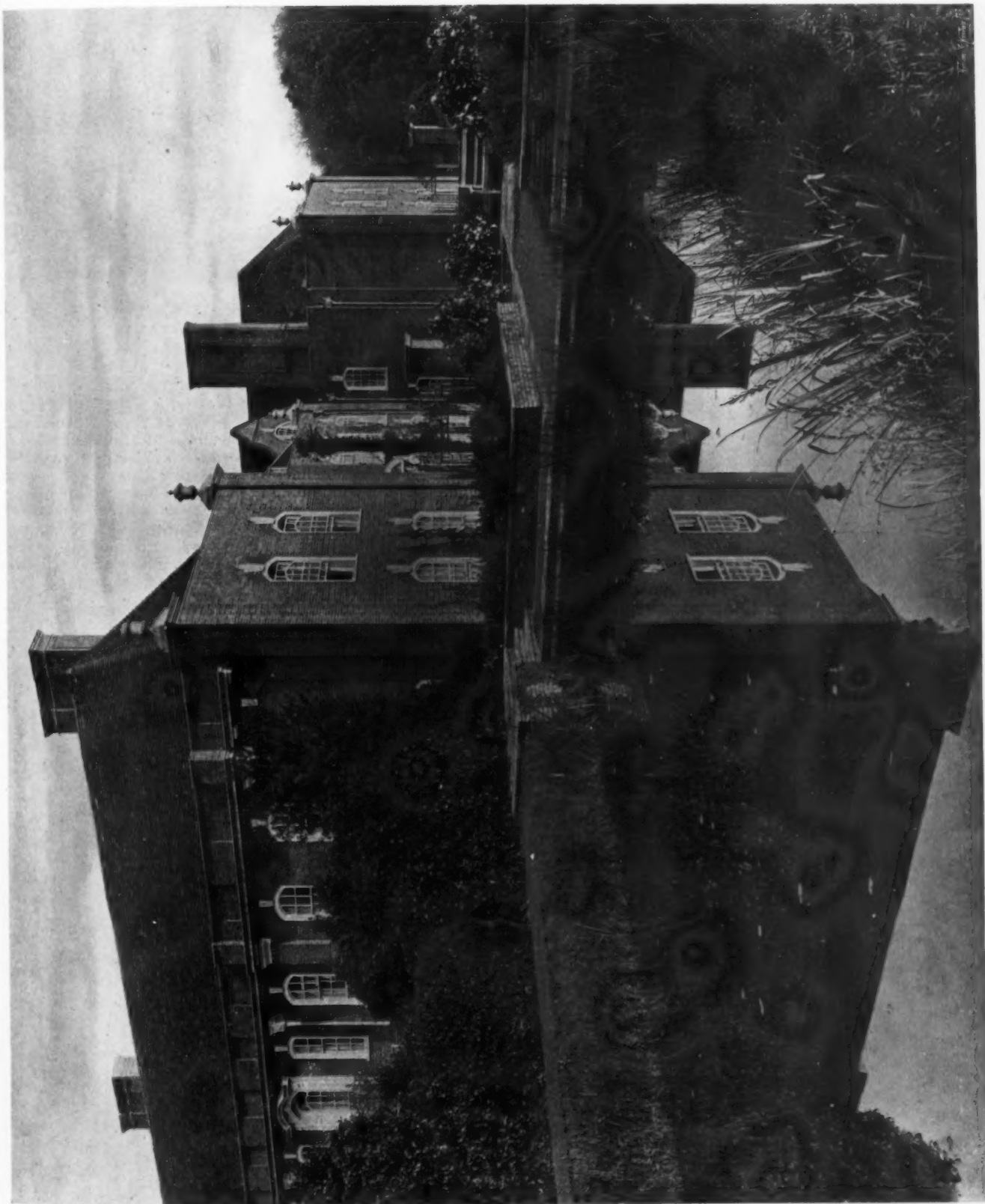
very splendid, and we are grateful for the white vestments; but Chauncy was defective in his translation. Eugenius, the third of that name, was not at the Capitol at Rome, but *in capitolio*, or in the chapter-house at Paris with the King of France and the knights and archbishops. The Pope was just then having trouble with Arnold of Brescia, who made Rome so uncomfortable for the Holy Father that the latter posted to Paris to prepare for the second Crusade, and to be supported by his friend and instructor, that great saint Bernard of Clairvaux. Wedelee, with Dinsley, thus formally made Temple Dinsley, was securely in the possession of the Knights of the Temple of Solomon in 1185, as a document of that year attests; but Clement V., who was Pope in 1307, was not so friendly as Eugenius had been. Stirred thereto by Philip IV. of France, he suppressed this, the greatest of the military orders. In England Edward II. carried out the Pope's commands, and early in 1308 the English Templars were cast into prison. Temple Dinsley passed soon after into the possession of the Knights of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, in whose hands it remained until the Dissolution of the Monasteries. One can do no more than guess at the nature of the buildings which formed first the Preceptory of the Knights Templars, and afterwards the Commandery of the Hospitallers at Temple Dinsley; but there is the bare record of a castle there in 1278. It is improbable that in 1541, when the manor went



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GATES AND FORECOURT.

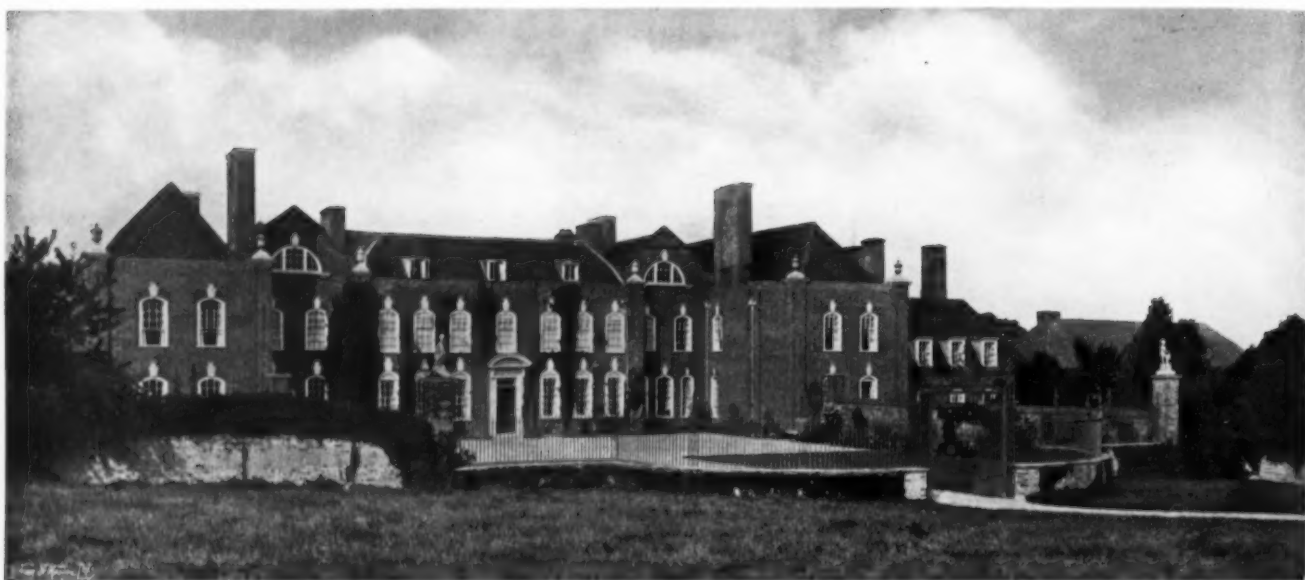
"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER AND THE UPPER POOL.

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THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to Sir Ralph Sadler as his share of the monastic spoils, there was a house of any importance, for he does not seem ever to have lived there. In view of the Scottish associations of its previous lay owner, Bernard de Balliol, it is an odd coincidence that Sir Ralph should have won his diplomatic spurs on a Scottish mission. He was one of Thomas Cromwell's men, and in 1537 Henry VIII. sent him to Scotland to spy out the relations existing between James V. and the French King. The post of Secretary of State and a knighthood followed a second visit to the North in 1540. Two years later he was sent to live in Edinburgh with a view to arranging a marriage between Prince Edward of England and Princess Mary of Scotland. The Scots seem, however, to have been too canny for Sadler, and the influence of Cardinal Beaton in particular defeated his plans. How

disgusted he was with the whole business is clear from a letter to his Royal master: "There never was so noble a prince's servant as I am so evil intreated as I am among these unreasonable people; nor do I think never man had to do with so rude so inconsistent and so beastly a nation as this is." This intemperate schoolboy language was doubtless accentuated when the Edinburgh folk mobbed him and besieged his house, going so far even as to fire at him as he walked in his garden. Later on he accompanied two warlike expeditions against Scotland, and on Henry's death in 1547 he became one of the councillors who guided the young King Edward. During Queen Mary's reign he lay quiet at his home at Standon, but Elizabeth's accession brought him again into the current of affairs, and he took his place as one of the most trusted servants of the great Cecil.



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THE NEW WEST SIDE.

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NORTH FRONT TERRACE AND PERGOLA.

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THE SOUTH SIDE.

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THE KITCHEN WING AND THE LOWER POOL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

More Scotch business was put into his experienced hands, but he ceased to be concerned in high politics from 1560 until 1568, when the dramatic flight of Mary Queen of Scots to England brought him again to the front. He and the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Sussex were appointed to meet the Scottish Commissioners to discuss what was to be done, and when

the charms of the unhappy Queen. He was devoted to hawking, and let Mary accompany him some distance from the castle in pursuit of his diversion. Elizabeth heard of it and was furious. A strong complaint produced the admission that "he had sent for his hawks and falcons to divert the miserable life which he passed at Tutbury, and that he had been unable to resist



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A STUDY IN BRICK AND IRON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Norfolk's intrigues with the Scotch Queen were discovered it was Sadler who arrested the Duke and conveyed him to the Tower of London. When Mary was removed to Tutbury Castle in January, 1584-85, Sadler was appointed her keeper, and here we come upon a human touch which shows that the veteran diplomatist, despite his seventy-seven years, was sensitive to

the solicitation of the prisoner to permit her to see a sport in which she greatly delighted." It is in this aspect of sportsman that Sir Ralph appears in the picture at Everley House. Clad in a simple green suit, with white ruff and stockings, hooded falcon on wrist, his typical Elizabethan face, with small moustache and chin tuft and wise and quiet eyes, shows us

the man of large resource who made his mark in two reigns. He died at Standon in 1587, and left Temple Dinsley to his second son, Edward.

Leigh Sadler and Thomas Leigh Sadler in turn succeeded Edward, but it was Sir Ralph's great-great-grandson, Edwin, who seems to be more definitely associated with Temple Dinsley. By turns a barrister, a commander of a troop of horse in the Civil War (doubtless on the Royal side) and a J.P. for the County of Bedford, we find that "he removed from thence to Temple Dinsley, was created baronet in the second year of Charles II.'s reign and died in 1672."

Reference has already been made to Chauncy's Hertfordshire, and it is to this early county history that we are indebted for a picture (here reproduced) of the house as John

estates. It is hardly credible, but none the less true, that there are in the whole county but twelve families who have held estates in the male line since before the accession of George III. in 1760. Returning to the house itself, it seems likely that Benedict Ithell found in 1712 that his newly-acquired home had suffered with the declining fortunes of the Sadlers and was in ill-repair. The middle of the front of the house as we see it now is absolutely different from the building shown in Drapentier's drawing, which was evidently pulled to the ground.

It is interesting to note that the old walls of the seventeenth century house were uncovered when the foundations for the walls of the present west wing were being excavated. When Mr. Lutyens was called in to make Temple Dinsley what the illustration shows it, its extent was small. The only part of

merit, but it has great charm, was the block that now shows its symmetrical front through the gates in the opening picture, with its central doorway and a trio of windows on either side. To the left was a drawing-room (an addition to the original house), occupying the site of the present boudoir and passage; to the right were the kitchen offices, the south wall of which remains as part of the lavatory, but has been newly windowed. The interior of the old middle block has been remodelled. The present entrance hall was formerly two rooms, and the south end of the dining-room was cut off by a wooden partition which formed a passage-way from the staircase hall to the old kitchen offices. The main staircase is the old one, but its disposition has been a little altered. A good many years ago, but obviously long after the old house was built, there was added to the dining-room an unattractive bay window, which has been retained, and wisely. Not only would its destruction have interfered with the history of the building, but it plays its part in the pleasantness of the room within. It is true that it destroys the balance of the north front, but some owner of last century tried to retrieve it in very amusing fashion by growing and trimming yew trees on the other side of the garden door to match the bay window in shape exactly. This rather engaging conceit has also been retained. The problems involved in adding to the house so largely as was desired were many. First and of most importance, as always in such cases, was the need to maintain with pious care the ancient fabric.



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A CORNER OF THE FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

Drapentier drew it some time before 1700, when the book was published. It is possible that it shows the house that the first Sir Edwin built for himself just after the Restoration, though the casement windows and the pedimented gables may be held to suggest a builder of some twenty years earlier. His third son, the second Sir Edwin, had no children, and soon after his death an Act of Parliament was passed for the sale of the manor of Temple Dinsley to pay his debts. In 1712 it was bought by Benedict Ithell, who became Sheriff of Hertfordshire in the first year of George I. He was succeeded by his son, another Benedict, whose last surviving daughter bequeathed the estate in 1767 "to her faithful friend and steward Thomas Harwood." The later history of Temple Dinsley until it came into the possession of Mr. H. G. Fenwick we need not pursue, but its failure to continue in the Sadler family is typical of Hertfordshire

Secondly came the addition of wings covering three or four times the area of the old house in such a fashion that they might not on the one hand look new and overwhelming, or on the other be a simple repetition of existing features. Both these questions are inevitable in all works of this kind, but it is rare that both yield such satisfactory answers. The old work has been respected in all faithfulness, and the new rhymes with it delightfully, but does not fail of showing the individuality of its creator. One odd characteristic of the old house is apparent from a glance at the plan. The entrance front is to the south and the garden front to the north, instead of *vice versa*. In order to ensure sunny aspects for the new living-rooms, their axial line was fixed at right angles to the old façades, an arrangement which gives west windows to them all, and to the drawing-room a south aspect as well. The sharp fall of the land eastwards



THE GARDEN-HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH—

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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—AND FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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FROM DRAWING-ROOM TO SMOKING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was a happy accident which has added greatly to the grouping of the east wing. Its principal part balances the drawing-room wing, but the rest of the kitchen quarters are at a much lower level, and lift their delightfully modelled roof in the modest fashion which becomes their use. So much by way of

outline of the idea informing the new work, which clears the way for considering the house in detail. It is approached by a drive which brings the visitor to a spacious forecourt enclosed by a curved dwarf wall surmounted by simple railing with ornamental panels at regular intervals. The gates in the middle are admirable examples of eighteenth century ironwork, and the brick piers at the end of the sweep bear engaging little leaden Cupids, which, with other leadwork to be described later, Benedict Ithell perhaps got from one of the statuary's yards that flourished in his day in Piccadilly or St. Martin's Lane. As the front door is neared, we notice on the right an opening towards the drive that skirts the lower pond, furnished with a gate which justifies the title of the picture "A Study in Brick and Iron."

The entrance hall is simply panelled in white, and the walls of the inner stone-paved hall are treated in like fashion. We go by the door that appears in the

staircase picture through a passage which is illustrated below it into the garden hall. This white and enticingly cool-looking apartment is turned into an octagon on two sides by corner cupboards, one of which is old and painted with cherubs, now much darkened by age. The outer corners are windowed and



Copyright.

SMOKING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fitted as aviaries, a pretty thought. But birds and their houses are popular at Temple Dinsley, as is clear from the several beautiful old cages of the Chippendale period which are to be seen there. Left and right of the garden hall are the drawing and smoking rooms. In the former is a fine mantelpiece of red and white marble, and below big logs burn merrily, and, better still, without paying toll to the smoke fiend, who is apt to be busy with such big open hearths. Between the windows are glazed china cupboards with engaging wooden tracery, and the whole room takes on an air of breadth from the great simple white-painted panelling. Standing here and looking across the octagon hall into the smoking-room we note as a conspicuous feature the long range of hanging candelabra in clear glass lustre, which emphasise the vista. The smoking-room is very interesting by reason of its unpainted panelling of pine, left clean and untouched from the tool and looking very fresh and pleasant. No little of the wall space is shelved and hospitable to books. Upstairs the bedrooms are planned on ample lines, and the treatment of one of the baths with white marble top and an ebony case of open fretwork, hung behind with a gay-coloured fabric, represents a new idea. The bedrooms in the old part of the house have delightful little toilet rooms, which are simply the old powdering closets brought to a new use. We go downstairs again and make our way on to the big north terrace down the original garden steps. The ground here slopes away rapidly past the pergola to a garden-house. The terrace enclosed by the new wings and the balustrade of open brickwork are sunless, but that is the fault of the old builders, who placed the house so oddly on its site. We walk round, therefore, by the north-west corner, past a rose garden now in the making, to seek the most gracious part of the garden, which stretches away from the new west front. This elevation is gravely elegant. The general character of the old house is maintained, the keystones being based on the old work and improved in their proportion; but a modern note is struck by the treatment of the central door and the window above it as a single composition, relieved by the iron balcony. Facing it from the midst of a little paved rose garden is Father Time, an old leaden figure, silvery white and armed with scythe and hour-glass, the emblems of his sovereignty. Running westwards from the north corner are a pair of garden-houses divided by a pillared loggia, and the ground rises into a lawn and brilliant flower-beds flanked by raised terraces, which turn into paths under the trees and bring us to the upper pool.

Our second picture shows the south-west corner clearly mirrored in it, and we note the graceful lead vases crowning the angles. Some of these are original ornaments of the house, others are faithful copies. One or two have been kept in the garden, which is fortunate, for their drums are gay with little classical scenes in clean relief. In a quiet house like this, where the effects are won by sheer rightness of proportion, little incidents like the dancing of garden gods on the side of a vase, give a sense of pleasure altogether out of proportion to their intrinsic merit, which, as usually in such eighteenth century work, is not of a very lofty order. In his roofing of the main parts of the building Mr. Lutyens has followed the precedent he found, and has hidden his gutters behind a parapet; but in the kitchen wing, which is seen reflected in the lower pool, he has followed his more usual practice, and behind it from the kitchen court the hipped roofs pile up delightfully.

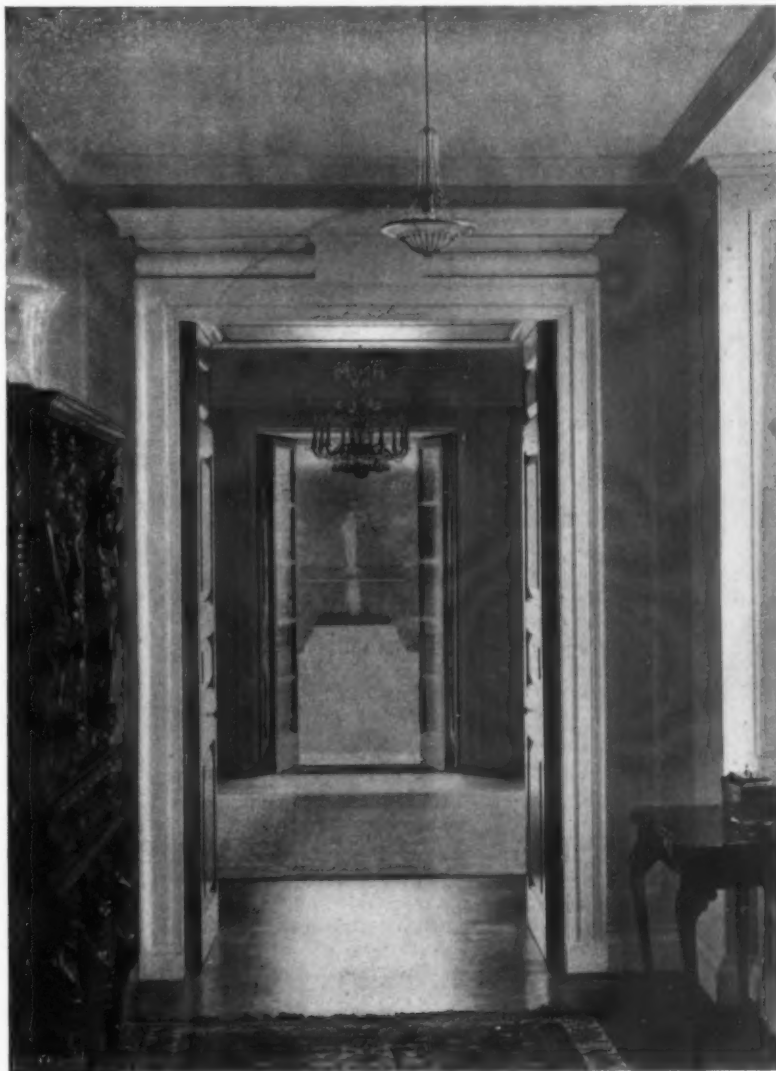
And so we finish our survey of this gracious country home, with its sober Georgian flavour enlivened within by those pleasant refinements of design that Mr. Lutyens understands so well and employs so gaily. The great plain spaces of red brick that mark the sides of the new wings and the quiet line of the gables north and south, are elements far removed from the boisterous days that saw Dinsley take what we may rightly call its Christian name. There is, however, one more building we have not yet visited. East of the



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HALL AND STAIRCASE.

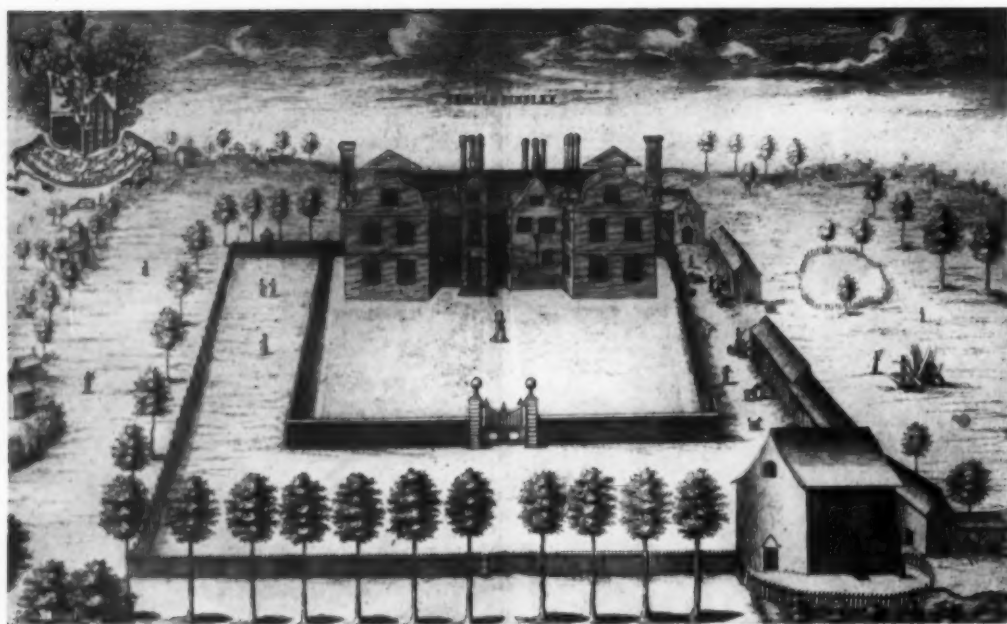
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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LOOKING THROUGH THE GARDEN HALL.

"C.L."



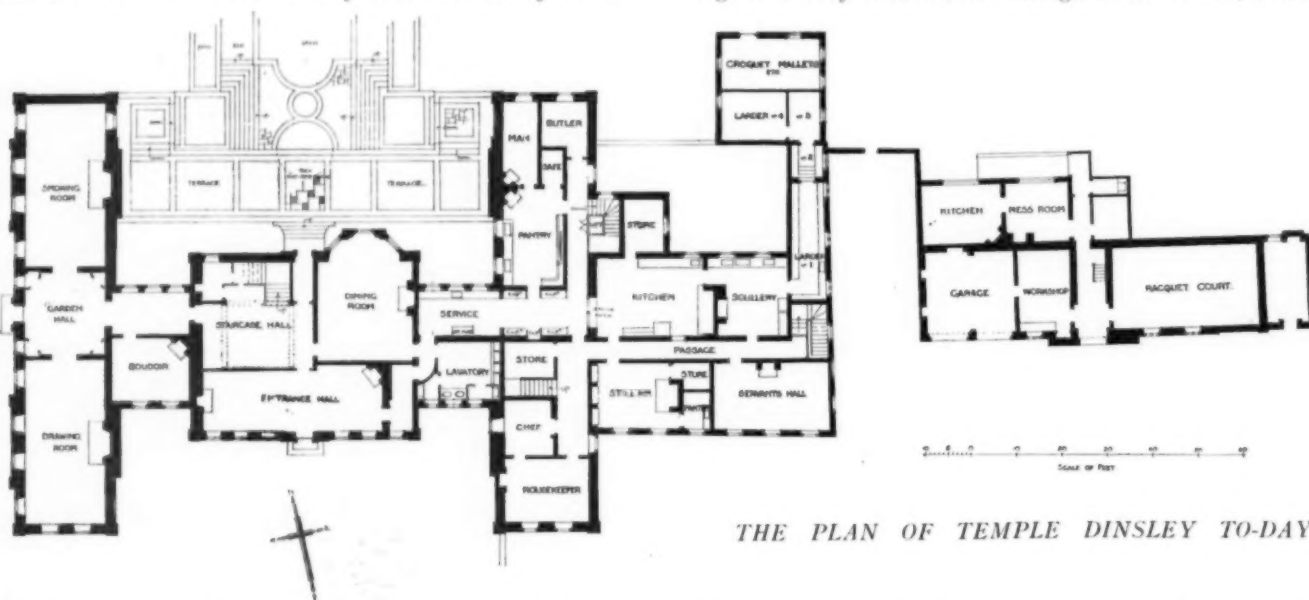
TEMPLE DINSLY IN 1700.

kitchen wing is a range which includes not only garage and workshop, but, more interesting, a racquet court. Are we tempted to set this down a too modern adjunct in a place which has rung with the tread of the mailed Knights Templars, who took their rights in Dinsley from Bernard de Balliol, in the presence of that Pope who called Bernard de Clairvaux friend? If so, we may remember Henry V. as

sunlit waters sliding over golden sand. Otherwise the inhabitants of the shop change but rarely. Children nowadays are grown too sophisticated to care for "pets," and the adult demand for livestock is limited. So, when he has cleaned and fed his charges, the little old bird-fancier retires to a stool near the monkey department, puts on his glasses and devotes his mornings to a study of the news. Though he sits so still, all about

forests of weed in dingy green tanks, or rest motionless on the pebbles at the bottom; here and there a coil of snakes lends a sinister touch to the homely little shop; and, further back, monkeys and squirrels make odoriferous the dark corners where customers rarely penetrate.

Now and then some tiny spirit, grown weary beyond endurance in captivity, seeks the vague freedom of Elysium, and its companions shrink affrighted from the ragged ball of feathers that erstwhile was a bird. Or a parrot or cockatoo is sold and borne away, shrieking self-congratulations at having found an owner. Occasionally the little place is invaded by an inrush of canaries, scraps of imprisoned gold, each in his little cage; and at these times the flood of song that pours through the open door conjures up in the shabby streets visions of



THE PLAN OF TEMPLE DINSLY TO-DAY.

Shakespeare makes him speak in answer to the French Ambassadors, who brought him from the Dauphin a jesting gift of tennis balls:

When we have matched our rackets to these balls
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

L. W.

"HEIL, KAISER, DIR!"

TO the passer-by, whose acquaintance with the bird-shop is limited to a casual glance, it would appear to have changed but little during the last twenty years. Always there is an eruptive brilliance of macaws, parrots and cardinals, toned down, perhaps, by the dingy white of a meditative cockatoo or an incongruous sprinkling of ruffled little doves and pigeons of weird patterns, known as "fancy"; and the old black and white cat that basks amid the cages in the sunshine has come to be regarded by the children of the neighbourhood as part and parcel of the window's regular display. Through the open door may be seen lines of long cages, filled with tiny foreign finches, mere flashes of illusive colour, that flutter and chatter and hustle from dawn till dark; strange foreign fishes, some with preposterous faces, others with a generous supply of tails or antennæ-like feelers, dart through

him is movement. To and fro the finches flutter, vainly seeking a way of escape; up and down their cages scramble the parrots and macaws, defying *ennui* with raucous shouts; in and out whisk the squirrels, busy about nothing; only the monkeys sit morosely plucking at their fur, and the cat, that is free, lies inert in the sunshine.

But recently there have been some arrivals at the shop. Above the restless finches stands a long line of tiny white cages glistening with newness, and each containing a rosy-breasted, black velvet-capped bird. Bullfinches, imported from Germany, these. They come, as so many of the canaries do, from the Hartz Mountains, where the peasants would appear to have a way with birds calculated to bring out their best qualities. Caught, alas! when just out of the nest, they are shipped to England the following spring when in fullest song, and are sold for anything up to ten shillings each. But among these ordinary songsters are other birds, much prized by the fancier and valued accordingly, yea, even unto four guineas. These are the famous piping bullfinches, who, during the long winter evenings, in the hut of some lonely woodman or charcoal-burner, have been laboriously acquiring the art of singing according to man's behest rather than Nature's. Each of these gifted ones has his *répertoire* scribbled on the side of his cage. Such unaffectedly sentimental titles, such simple little tunes. "Jungferkrantz," "Die Korn Blume," "Blumenlied"—so the titles run

down the long line of cages; then, for an encore, as it were, "Heil, Kaiser, Dir!" to which, in one case, has been added, by way of explanation, "Gott erhalte den König."

"But why," one asks, "have they *all* learnt 'Heil, Kaiser, Dir!?' Surely, a little variety . . ."

"It's 'God Save the King,' for the Coronation, see?" says the little old man.

One's mind instantly conjures up a vision of the long-headed Teuton who limed his twigs in the primeval forest, after that last sad Sixth of May, and looked into futurity.

"Little bird," one can hear him say, "'Die Korn Blume' you must surely learn, because I who shall teach you am a German, and sentimental, but also shall you learn 'Heil, Kaiser, Dir!'" because the *dummer* Englishman who will buy you has a King to be crowned, and will be suffering from a spasmodic attack of patriotism next summer."

But they do not sing yet, these accomplished ones. For the present they recover from their journey and listen in silence to the strange inflections of a foreign tongue. "How shall we

sing," they seem to ask, with their beady eyes, "how shall we sing 'Heil, Kaiser, Dir!' in a strange land?" And, even while one watches them, there arises a faint, sweet thread of melody, elusively familiar. One has known it always, though perhaps heard it never. It is English to the core. English of the eighteenth century. Nay, more, it is London itself. The tune dies away and begins again tentatively.

"'Mouse-traps—'oo'll buy?'" explains the little old man. "Third from the end you'll find him."

Sure enough, "third from the end" has, scribbled in execrable characters on his cage, the one word, "Moustrapp." Now, how in the name of wonder did a Hartz Mountain peasant get hold of that archaic English melody? No doubt it is patented by this time and marked "Made in Germany" along with many another good tune; but English it is, and every bar breathes its origin. So now, patriots, go buy your piping bullfinches, and bid them sing "Heil, Kaiser, Dir!" (or "God Save the King," as fancy takes you) till they drop off their perches. But when you go, you will look and listen in vain for little "Moustrapp." He is mine.

O. M.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

NO class of book is more fascinating than that which strives to revive the life of the past, and he would indeed be a thoughtless reader who was not stirred to reflection by Mr. F. J. Snell's new book, *The Customs of Old England* (Methuen). The title may to some be misleading, as it suggests observances akin to folklore, such as harvest homing, orchard charming and so forth; whereas it is really concerned with the great and important customs of the past. It brings up before us an England the same in essentials, but differing vastly in detail, from the England of to-day. The spirit of man remains untouched for thousands of years, but it seeks expression corresponding with the education of the moment. In very early times, for example, when a great part of the Continent still was pagan, the human love of union took the shape of forming leagues of prayer when distant communities were united by a bond of friendliness and devotion. It is the same spirit which to-day impels men to form themselves into alliances and companies so as to prosecute their good work together. We say good work because, of course, our remarks do not refer to co-operation for the sake of material gain. At the very earliest stage of his existence primitive man must have found out that union was strength, both for the purpose of offence and defence; while later on he saw that many things could be accomplished by combination that were impossible to the individual. Some arrangements were temporary, but others, like trade guilds, were lasting. The particular leagues to which we referred had their origin in that vein of altruism which appears to be an important part of the human compound. Sometimes it goes to excess and produces fanaticism; but the league of prayer was a beautiful and pathetic custom for which nothing but admiration can be felt. In its development the league of prayer came to be closely associated with reverence for the dead. At an early period there was a monkish custom of writing the names of dead brethren on a mortuary roll, which was fastened to the neck of a messenger who travelled from one church or one abbey to another, and even crossed the sea with his solemn message. Where he stopped the roll was detached from his neck and read to the assembled brethren. Then followed the solemn chant and requiem for the dead. Sometimes the religious order would add to the names. Many of those mortuary rolls have been preserved, and contain strict injunctions that the house and day of arrival be inscribed on the roll in each monastery. Our author quotes Dr. Rock as saying:

After many months' absence the messenger would reach his own cloister, carrying back with him the illuminated death-bill, now filled to its fullest length with dates and elegies for his abbot to see that the behest of the chapter had been duly done, and the library of the house enriched with another document.

In those early days religion entered far more into the lives of people than it does to-day, when art, poetry and kindred subjects absorb a portion of that mysticism which is inherent in human nature and was at an early period given up wholly to religion. It was a time of vows and fasts. Often the widow, oftener still the young man, dedicated themselves to the service of God, and in their dedication took upon themselves vows of abstinence. Occasionally there was much looseness in the manner in which these promises were observed. No reader of *Piers Plowman* could fail to admit that; but, on the other hand, there is plenty of evidence to show that not only individuals, but countries and nations, were capable of being roused to a high point of zeal and self-sacrifice, and such outbursts certainly went

to the making of the nation. Of course, many gross superstitions were developed at the same time, though, perhaps, they were not more gross than some current at the present day. We have, however, eliminated, as far as can be seen, superstition from the administration of justice, in which at one time it played a great part. It was believed, for instance, that a way of discovering the judgment of God was by means of an ordeal. The procedure was more impressive than a brief reference to it would make one think. First of all, he who wished to purge himself by the Great Law had to take an oath of innocence—"So help me God and these hallows!" (i.e., the Gospels on which he was sworn). After that six other men had to swear that he had made a sound oath. Then he had to repeat his oath and receive the testimony of six more witnesses, this going on until thirty-six men had sworn in his favour. A man of good repute might be held to prove his innocence by this means; but there were other means of ascertaining the will of God as applied to the general. There was the ordeal of the glowing iron. The priest, in full canonicals, carried the bar of iron to the fire, singing the Benedicite the while. Two men had to certify that the iron was of the required heat, and witnesses were ranged along the church on each side of the ordeal, all of them fasting and abstinent. While the iron was heating the priest celebrated mass. Finally the accused man had to carry the iron the measured distance—nine feet divided into three equal parts, over which the person had to pass in as many steps. His hand was then enclosed in an envelope under seal, which was opened three days after. If the iron had caused a festering wound he was judged to be guilty, if not he was acquitted. An alternative to this was the judgment of ploughshares, when the accused man had to traverse barefoot nine hot ploughshares laid lengthwise. In the ordeal of boiling water the accused had to gather from the boiling water a stone which might be at the depth of his wrist or of his elbow, according to the gravity of the crime with which he was charged. In the ordeal by cold water the accused was thrown into a *fossa*, or pit. If he floated he was considered guilty, and if he sank his innocence was disclosed. A man seems generally to have been bound hand and foot, or his thumb tied to his toes. Probably this was the origin of the custom of ducking witches, which existed until very recent times. More curious is the judgment of the morsel. The accused was placed with his foot on a cross and a cross over him. The theft was written on a tablet, and this was thrown over his head while the priest uttered a conjuration which concluded as follows:

If thou wast a partner in this theft or didst know of it, or hadst any fault, that bread and cheese may not pass thy gullet and throat, but that thou mayest tremble like an aspen-leaf, Amen; and not have rest, O man, until thou dost vomit it forth with blood, if thou hast committed aught in the matter of the aforesaid theft. Through Him who liveth.

Trial by combat was as common as trial by ordeal. Mr. Snell reproduces parts of the letter written to Richard II. by Thomas Duke of Gloucester, which gives an authentic and detailed account of the manner in which trial by combat was carried out then. If the battle was on account of treason, he that was convicted and discomfited was "drawn out by horse" and promptly hanged or beheaded. The duel was not confined to those of high station, but was prescribed for burgesses and others. At Leicester a combat is recorded to have commenced at six in the morning and gone on till three in the afternoon, when it was terminated by one of the men falling into a pit. But that was considered a scandal. Mr. Snell goes over

a vast amount of ground which we have not space even to indicate. But the great difficulty is to recover the moral and social atmosphere of the time. In *Piers Plowman* perhaps we get more than any other. He shows us, at any rate, the man working in the open field, and the unemployed of their day dressed in religious orders, work-shy, but ready to beg, and masterful rogues at that. We can imagine the crowds at a tournament or trial or ordeal, but there has not been handed down to us the sort of comment that Diccon, in the security of his mud-walled cottage, would make to his wife Joan.

PASTIME WITH GOOD COMPANY.

London Clubs: Their History and Treasures, by Ralph Nevill. (Chatto and Windus.)

THIS book contains an interesting account of London clubs, written from an intimate knowledge both of the clubs themselves and of the company that frequents them. The author recognises and accounts for the changes which have made the club of to-day so different from that of previous centuries. The early history of clubs is intimately connected with the old coffee-houses, at which select societies met and kept themselves distinct from the ordinary frequenters. These clubs at first were spread over London, but subsequently were mostly confined to St. James' Street, then they overflowed into Pall Mall, and now they swarm in that part of Piccadilly which looks over the Green Park. The history of the older clubs is more interesting, as the members were more clubbable. In the palaces now so common there are too many members to allow of much sociability. The club-houses opposite the Green Park are in many instances the mansions of distinguished families adapted to club purposes. These have interesting associations, and this is the case with the home of the St. James' Club, 106, Piccadilly. It was originally Coventry House, bought by the sixth Earl of Coventry from Sir Hugh Hunlock in 1764. There still remains in the area of the house a record of Hunlock in the form of a fine leaden cistern dated "H. H. 1761." Lord Coventry's first wife was Maria, the elder of the two beautiful Misses Gunning. His second wife, the Hon. Barbara St. John, worked the carpet (a portion of which is still in the possession of the present Earl) for the fine octagon room on the first floor of Coventry House. Mr. Nevill writes: "The St. James' is one of the most agreeable and sociable clubs in London, and still maintains much of that spirit of vitality which seems within the last two decades to have deserted so many London clubs." This book contains much information on the changes in the management of clubs, the growth of smoking-rooms and the variety exhibited in the rules respecting smoking in different clubs, as well as the increase of ladies' clubs and clubs of both sexes. There is an abundance of good anecdotes, such as the curious case of blackballing at a ladies' club, where one candidate received three more blackballs than the number of members present. Speaking of the beautiful actress, Mrs. Oldfield, in connection with the portrait of her in the Garrick Club, Mr. Nevill tells us that she was his own direct ancestress, owing to her granddaughter having married Lord Walpole of Wolterton. The American novelist Mr. Winston Churchill is also a descendant of Mrs. Oldfield, both of them through her son Charles Churchill. By the way, the reply to Queen Caroline (then Princess of Wales) which Mr. Nevill puts into the mouth of Mrs. Oldfield respecting her supposed marriage to General Churchill, the brother of Marlborough, is not so good as that given by the late Joseph Knight in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Mr. Nevill's version is, "Madam, the General keeps his own secrets"; Mr. Knight's, "So it is said, your Royal Highness; but we have not owned it yet." Sometimes Mr. Nevill's memory fails him somewhat in his quotations. Thus, he relates a conversation between Johnson and Boswell as to the latter's election into "The Club" when some of the members wished to keep him out. Johnson is made to say, "Sir, they knew that if they refused you they would probably have never got into another club. I would have kept them all out." This astonishing boast puzzled us, so we looked up the "Tour to the Hebrides," where we found the true version to be, "Sir, they knew that if they refused you, they'd probably never have got in another. I'd have kept them all out." In the reference to Nell Gwyn's house in Pall Mall, the garden of which looked on to the Mall, there is a confusion between the Mall and Pall Mall, the street. Evelyn does not mention the north side of the street, as Mr. Nevill infers, and the house referred to was certainly on the south side. Nell may have also lived on the north side in a house on the site of the Army and Navy Club.

A PASSENGER'S IMPRESSION.

America—Through English Eyes, by "Rita." (Stanley Paul.)

THIS, though avowedly slight, is an authentic and original utterance, and as such worth attention. There is no remark in it which is merely an echo. We are accustomed to hear so much stereotyped adulation of the wealth and greatness and liberty of the United States that it is refreshing to meet someone besides the author of "A Modern Symposium" and "Business" whose dismay at the "goods" which have dropped out of Western Life is undisguised. But "Rita" does justice both to the individual American and to the nation's striking characteristics. Had she stayed longer, she would doubtless have seen more of these. But as a "passenger's" honest, if surface, impression of the things in America she was expected to admire and could sometimes only wonder at, this book, though necessarily slight, is interesting.

FROM STRENGTH TO SENTIMENTALISM.

The Vision of Balmaine, by G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson and Co.)

BALMAINE is a portly, self-satisfied but generous-minded banker who is only brought to a perception of the real value of himself and his life by the failure of his bank and his subsequent imprisonment as a swindler. It changes him from a banker to a saint—perhaps too swiftly and completely for the purposes of art. He is vouchsafed a vision while in gaol, and goes out to set his old wrong-doing right and call on all men to repentance. The story leaves reality for mysticism, more and more as it goes on, and a fine idea rather loses strength as it gains in sentimentality; but the aim is high and the purpose lofty—and the allegory an old and true one.

CROÛT AU POT.

Pot au Feu, by Marmaduke Pickthall. (John Murray.)

THESE are good stories, all of them. "Crotchety Stories," which are chiefly stories of England and her villages, are more clever than charming perhaps; "Tales of the One Republic," which deal with the simple and kindly life of a little Swiss "commune," are extremely clever; while in the tales of "The Heat of the Sun" there is something of the ardour and strangeness of the Eastern peoples they tell of. The best, perhaps, is "The Murderer," which is the delightful tale of a most attractive "hired assassin." But Mr. Pickthall's achievement is everywhere complete. He hits off, with equal humour, the characteristics, national and personal, of every person he tells of, whether it be a Corsican agent, or a Swiss gendarme, or an Arabian assassin, or a Suffolk evangelist.

A NOBLE TRINITY.

Ailsa Paige, by Robert W. Chambers. (Appleton's.)

LOVE, War, and Redemption—they are three fine themes. Together, they light each other with the light of real romance, and lift each other into that lofty realm of imagination in which our poor human nature is touched to finer issues than it usually reaches in this workaday world, we fear, except on rare occasions. The war is that most tragic war between North and South in America; the love, that between a branded and desperate man and a proud but generous woman in the chief interest of the story, and between a generous man and an erring child in its secondary interest; the redemption is the redemption of them all, by service and suffering, by horror and courage, by restored self-respect through a fiery test. There seems little that is typically American in this tale; even the talk has little of the phrasing, let alone the accent, of either North or South; and there is, perhaps, a little too much love-making and desperate conversation, and sometimes just the faintest touch, perhaps, of "heroics." These are the only criticisms we have to make on a very fine story, full of incident, alive with noble conceptions, and unashamedly and delightfully romantic.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

The Bread upon the Waters, by Georgette Agnew. (Heinemann.)

The Belmont Book, by "Vados," with an Introduction by Arnold Bennett. (Smith, Elder.)

Mrs. Elmsley, by Hector Munro. (Constable.)

Some Happenings of Glendalyne, by Dorothea Conyers. (Hutchinson.)

Le Gentleman, by Ethel Sidgwick. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

A Woman of the Revolution: Théroigne de Méricourt, by Frank Hamel. (Stanley Paul.)

[SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 36*.]

THE ROOD-SCREEN AT HONITON, DEVONSHIRE.

By AYMER VALLANCE.

ON the morning of Sunday, March 26th, owing, it is supposed, to a spark blown from the chimney of the heating apparatus, fire broke out in the roof of Honiton Church, with the result that the building was completely gutted, and the rood-screen, the chief glory of the place, reduced to ashes. It may not be amiss, then, to place on record an account of the screen, compiled chiefly from notes taken at a personal visit in August, 1908. Of Perpendicular workmanship in oak, the screen, placed in front of the chancel—there was no structural chancel arch—and against the east walls of the transept, extended in one unbroken run of 45ft. 3in. across the entire width of the building. A piscina in the south wall, slightly to the west of the screen, attests that in pre-Reformation days an altar stood at this spot in front of the screen. The latter comprised twelve bays, or, rather, eleven whole bays between one half-bay at each extremity, the bays having an average centring of 4.4in. to 4.5in., with the exception of the middle bay, which had a wider centring of 4.9in. for chancel entrance. The second bay from each end contained the entrance respectively to the north and south chapels. All three entrances had folding doors complete, the design of which repeated the design of the rest of

the screen. The openings, two-centred arched, were ornamented in the head, to the depth of 25½in., with tracery, which rested on shafts 39in. high, with polygonal moulded caps and bases. Three shafts to the bay spaced the latter into four lights apiece. The batements of each fenestration head enclosed three pairs of little scutcheons of the tilting-shield pattern, *i.e.*, having a hole in the dexter chief for lance-rest. These shields constitute a distinctive feature of the group of screens which Mr. F. Bligh Bond (joint-author of a recent monumental work on screens) places in the category of the "Exe Valley" type. In Honiton screen the shields had a pronounced vertical ridge, or aris, down the middle, but were devoid of any charges whatever.

The Rev. J. A. Lloyd has recorded that there was "a squint cut in one of the mullions of the screen." The main uprights, or muntins, were substantial, measuring no less than 10in. through from east to west, yet their plan, a cluster of slender shafts, conveyed a pleasing sense of lightness and elegance. The shafts were crowned with polygonal, slightly sculptured, caps for the vaulting-ribs to spring from at the same level as the cord-line of the fenestration tracery, or at a height of 7ft. 4in. from the bottom of the woodwork. The wainscot stood 49in. high,

with head-tracery, 9in. deep, extending from side to side of each bay. In the third and fifth bays from the north the head-tracery was of variant patterns, but throughout the rest of the wainscot it was uniform. The ornament in every other part of the screen was practically a repetition of one and the same unit. Vertical mouldings below the tracery divided each compartment of the wainscot into four panels corresponding to the lights of the fenestration above. At the foot of each panel so formed was a quatrefoil with square Gothic leafage in the centre, the collective series making a skirting band of quatrefoil tracery 10½in. deep. The whole had been raised, presumably at the "restoration" (about 1880), upon a stone plinth, 13in. high, above the nave floor, itself, maybe, raised also at the time when it was laid with wood blocks. For the elliptical-headed aperture, originally designed to open from the rood-stair on to the rood-loft, had become at least 18in. lower than the top of the platform. Wherefore, not to leave an ugly hole showing under the groining of the screen, the rood doorway had been partly walled up, yet not so effectually but that its proper level, 10ft. 1½in. from the existing floor, remained visible enough.

The rood-stair was entered anciently from within the north chapel, a doorway still surviving in the north wall somewhat eastward of the screen. The opening measures 5ft. 4½in. high by 1ft. 9½in. wide, the door-frame being moulded and having a four-centred head. The rood-stair was cased in an external annexe, or turret, on plan three sides of a polygon, attached to the north wall of the building. Shortly after the Reformation, apparently in the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century, the rood-turret underwent some alterations. The top was lowered, the walls being finished off with a moulded cornice of the period, and roofed with an almost flat roof. The rectangular loop which lit the interior of the rood-stair was retained, but immediately below it, in the north face of the turret, a new doorway was introduced to give direct access from the outside of the building. Approached by a flight of five stone steps, this doorway is semi-circular headed, under spandrels of conventional foliage, the door-frame being moulded, with moulding-stops at the bottom of the jambs.

External doors admitting to the rood-loft are very rare,



MIDDLE AND NORTH PART OF THE SCREEN.



DETAIL OF THE SCREEN.

and therefore of sufficient importance to note wherever they occur. A mediæval example is still to be seen at St. John's Church, Winchester; but in the majority of cases they must have been introduced subsequently to the Reformation, in churches where, as at Derwen, Denbighshire, and Llanegryn, Merionethshire, the ancient rood-loft continued in use as a singing gallery, or where, as at Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire, the rood-stair is one with the central tower staircase, and it is an obvious convenience that the belfry should be accessible from without.

Not a little diversity of opinion exists as to the actual date of the screen. The Rev. Dr. Cox says that "it bore the arms of Courtenay, and was undoubtedly the Bishop's work." In that case the screen could not have been later than 1492, when Courtenay died, or, rather, perhaps 1487, when he was translated to the Bishopric of Winchester. On the other hand is the fact that Joan Takell, widow, dying on July 13th, 1529, left a sum of money for "the making of the rood-loft," a term which, in documents of the time, almost invariably includes the screen together with the superstructure. In the case of Honiton Church it is clear, from the formation of the screen itself, with its fully-developed vaulting system, that the loft was no after-thought, but that the whole structure had been planned from the outset as one integral entity. Even if already in progress then, in 1529, the work could not have been finished until after that date.

That West Country masons and joiners were extraordinarily tenacious of traditional forms is well known. Thus, when Dorothy Wadham, a lady of the old school, as also of the old faith, was building her college at Oxford, between 1610 and 1613, she expressly imported workmen from Somersetshire, the better to ensure the style of the building being as far as possible untinged by incoming fashions from beyond the Alps. And if good Gothic work could still be produced by West of England craftsmen in the early seventeenth century, it need not be inconceivable that a vernacular product of the first half of the sixteenth century, in the neighbouring county of Devon, should exhibit the characteristics of fifty years earlier.

The date of a work of this kind must be determined by the latest feature it contains, and so, albeit the composition of Honiton screen as a whole betokened a date somewhere about the year 1475, by one detail of decadence occurring therein it was precluded from any earlier date than about 1510. This detail was the carved turn-over leafage, which trailed, stiffly and without sign of animation, up the main supports, along the middle rail and round the sweep of the arched openings.

Mr. Edward Ashworth described the screen as having originally been "illuminated." In 1732 it was "beautified," to quote the language of the day, by being painted over white with marbling in blue. However, Mr. Ashworth testified that in 1867 it still "retained much of the old colouring," and the Rev. Dr. Cox, again, visiting the church in 1872, while yet the screen was disguised with the coat of sham marble, nevertheless "noted considerable remains of the original painting and gilding."

In 1880 a drastic renovation—"badly done," in the judgment of the Rev. S. Baring Gould—took place. The eighteenth century white paint was stripped off, but with it all vestiges of the ancient colour disappeared. In short, every irregularity and token of age was so effectually smoothed away that the screen looked as though it had just come fresh from the workshop. All defective portions were repaired, and the groining, with its moulded ribs and tierceron vaulting, made good. The latter, it should be observed, was *not* fan-vaulting (a variety of rare occurrence in timber screenwork, whether in Devonshire or elsewhere throughout the country), but of simple, almost rudimentary, plan. The panels, or interstices, of the vaults were enriched with handsome cusping and tracery. The breastsummer, the only part that continued gilt after the "restoration," was elaborately carved with three

wide convex trails (the middle one of abstract Gothic flower and leaf on a wave basis, the others of vine leaves and grapes) between brattishing above and below. The groining overhung on both sides alike, the projection extending to a total of 5ft. 2½in. from front to back.

In addition to the rood-screen, the westernmost arch of the arcade on either side of the chancel was occupied by an oak parclose, comprising three compartments, of a design somewhat less ornate than that of the rood-screen, but such that reproduced the same motif adapted to the exigencies of rectangular construction. That these parclooses (of which a fair amount was authentic, in spite of "restoration") could not have been erected until after 1529, the date of the death of John Takell's widow, is obvious from the fact that the capitals of the chancel arcades themselves were sculptured with inscriptions bidding prayers for the souls of husband and wife.

When the desolating fire was over nothing remained in the place of the rood-screen but an iron tie-rod or girder, which had been inserted across the chancel opening to help to bear the weight of the screen vaulting. In a short while, however, both the chancel arcades and the girder collapsed, and the only evidence now that there ever were screens and rood-loft is the exterior rood-turret, with the gaping apertures of the rood-stair doorways in the north wall. The loss is absolutely irreparable, but there is no use in exaggerating it. Honiton screen, indeed, might at one time have been among the most magnificent in Devonshire, but the truth is that excessive "restoration" had robbed it of so much of its ancient character and of the incommunicable charm which attaches only to what is genuinely old that connoisseurs can endure to think of its fate with less unmitigated anguish than they could that of many other screens, happily still standing, which it would, of course, be invidious to name.

NEW FOREST PONIES JUDGED AT HOME.

IN the course of the last fifty years a great many changes have come over the New Forest. As the result of planting or by the natural increase of scattered seedlings, the open spaces of the Forest are growing less. There are endless woodlands now where within the memory of men still little more than middle-aged there was open heather and pasture. This



SPRINGTIME.

curtains sadly the range of the ancient herds of half-wild ponies which still wander over the Forest snatching a precarious living from its poor soil, and growing hardy and active in the process. Some years ago these ponies looked very like dying out. Neglect and the continued process of enclosing the Forest had weakened the herds, contracted the available pasture and impoverished a soil never rich. In old magazines we may still find records of the high esteem in which the Forest ponies were held. They were,

like the Highland, the Exmoor and the Welsh, have been used to an even harsher climate and sterner conditions of life than prevail in the New Forest. The system of encouragement is to distribute premiums to stallions and mares selected by the judges at the Lyndhurst and Burley shows, which take place in the spring and autumn respectively. Many of the owners of the ponies are small holders and working men, and the premium system is desirable as giving them valuable aid in doing what they themselves see the



THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

it seems, noted for their speed, and one breeder of the early nineteenth century records that he tried and failed to improve the speed of his ponies by a cross of thorough-bred blood. These half-breeds were not so fast as the Forest ponies of that day. Pony-racing has always been a favourite sport in the West, and the New Forest ponies (like Squib, for example, whose portrait was painted by Thomas Cooper, R.A.) were in much demand at local "leather-flapping" meetings. The mild climate of the Forest has enabled a certain number of the descendants of famous horses like Marske, the sire of Eclipse, to survive. Or, rather, some hardy families of ponies with strains of thorough-bred or Eastern blood have held their own. But the ponies were neglected until the introduction of polo, and later the owners of small horses in the South African War drew attention to the value as foundation stock of pony blood. At first the idea was to improve the ponies by crosses of more or less alien blood; but gradually men came to see that the value of these ponies lay not so much in their breeding as in their wild life, that the Forest pony was not so much born as made, and that the qualities we so much admire—their soundness, their marvellous powers of endurance, their hardiness and self-reliance—came to them from the struggle for existence on the scanty pastures of the Forest. Ponies are made what they are by long generations of a free and natural, if hard, life, and they not only acquire these qualities, but become a race prepotent to transmit them to their descendants. A cross of pony blood by common consent adds to the value of any of our light horses, and for troop horses and polo ponies it is especially desirable.

It became clear that out-crosses with Eastern or thorough-bred horses, however good these might be, the produce of which were too delicate to live out, were useless and even detrimental. Yet it was desirable to improve the size and substance and, so far as might be, without losing valuable qualities, the make and shape of the ponies. The New Forest pony associations have set about this work in systematic fashion and with some success. Certain fixed principles have been laid down. The breeding stock must be able to live on the Forest all the year round. This being provided, fresh strains of blood must be obtained by turning out sound stallions to run with the herds; and, lastly, as far as possible, old, decrepit and unsound stock must be eliminated. Fresh blood was carefully introduced by bringing in ponies of other hardy breeds, which

advantage of doing—keeping the best of their mares as breeding stock. A poor man cannot always help selling. What is wanted, therefore, is assistance to enable him to resist the inducements to part with ponies which it is most desirable, both for his own ultimate profit and for the good of the breed, he should retain.

But it occurred to those who are desirous of improving the ponies that the existing system of prizes and premiums instituted to help the owners to keep good ponies fell short in one respect. The most valuable of the ponies, those that live on the Forest year in and year out, which are seldom handled and often not seen for months, received no encouragement. It was determined to invite the owners to enter their ponies for a premium competition, and since the mares and three year olds, the two classes selected for especial encouragement, could not come to the judges, that the judges should go to them. The help of the agisters, the Messrs. Evemy and Jesse Taylor, was invoked, and they rendered valuable help. Mr. Kershaw, the secretary of the association, divided the Forest into sections, and the judges, Lord Arthur Cecil and Mr. T. F. Dale, were asked to spend a week or ten days in riding over the Forest and examining the ponies in their own chosen haunts. I have had the opportunity of following this new kind of pony-judging throughout, and at first I thought it might be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find the ponies, and not less difficult to get near enough to them to form an opinion. At the time I write the judges have been out for three days, and only two ponies have been missed. The plan adopted is to send on horses to the quarter of the Forest in which the agister of the district reports that the ponies are likely to be. Hither the judges are conveyed in a motor lent by Lord Lucas, the president of the Burley Association. Then, carefully and cautiously, the open plains and woodlands are searched for the ponies wanted. Once the ponies are found the judges either ride or walk round the herd—the latter gives the best results—and examine the ponies, noting their bone, the carriage of the tail, whether the hocks are well placed and making general notes. Then the ponies are moved gently on, and as they trot away over rough or boggy ground their action is noted, and the way they use their shoulders and bend their hocks, and the opinions of the judges are written down by the secretary there and then.

It is all very interesting and picturesque, and the stalking of the ponies is almost a sport in itself. The time given on each day

is from 10.30 to 5 p.m. Only one lot of ponies gave much trouble. We began to look for them on Tuesday morning, and found them on Saturday afternoon.

One grey mare I saw is of such speed and courage that she has never been caught, though often hunted by her owner with a view to capture. Her sire was a noted Forest stallion, who was driven long distances by his owner, the pony showing great speed and endurance, of which I heard several instances. One of the Forest

stallions belonging to Mr. Parnell of Fritham will win a race or carry his master through a long buck-hunt.

Certainly, in their methods of encouraging ponies, the New Forest associations have hit on a valuable idea in causing their judges to see the ponies as they really are at home. I may say the owners of ponies have taken very kindly to the idea, and that a large number of ponies were entered even for this year, when the scheme was in an experimental stage. X.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

APPEAL BY THE RULES OF GOLF COMMITTEE.

THE Rules of Golf Committee, in publishing its decisions for the year, issues at the same time an appeal for a larger support for this publication. Without that larger support it is certain that the publication cannot go on, for it is not to be expected that the Royal and Ancient Club, which is the only paymaster of the stationery and publishing bill of the committee, will go on financing this "annual" indefinitely.

It ought to be self-supporting, and it really shows a good deal of selfishness and also of short-sightedness on the part of committees of local clubs that they do not all buy it. If they did, its perusal would save them the trouble of sending up to the Rules Committee an immense number of questions to which they would find replies already given in the book, and it would also save the Rules Committee the trouble of answering these twice or twenty-times asked questions. There may be two opinions about the wisdom of the committee in all its dealings, and the adverse opinion is expressed with a freedom that would be yet more entertaining if most of those who gave utterance to it would only emerge from their shelter of anonymity, so that we might judge of the value of their criticism; but there can be no two opinions about the labour the committee gives gratuitously, and even, in some cases, at considerable expense, to the work. It is probable that clubs and secretaries only need their attention drawn to this publication. It is carelessness, perhaps ignorance of the very fact that such a book is published, not parsimony, that makes them omit to buy it.

PROPOSED SOLUTION OF THE "CADDIE QUESTION."

Mr. Winston Churchill has been asked in the House whether he will make it part of the business of his department to look into the eternal "caddie question." His answer cannot be said to be pregnant with any hope of its speedy solution. Meanwhile a weekly contemporary has suggested by way of solution that we employ not the young, but the aged—those who are approaching second childhood, and whose life and character are presumably beyond the reach of moral corruption. To be sure, the "ancient caddie" used to be a very well-known figure in the land—north of the Tweed, if not so frequently south of it. We hardly know whether his numbers have decreased, or whether they have merely ceased to appear considerable on account of the immense accession to the numbers of the young caddies; but, in any case, the reply to this argument, or the rider to it, would seem to be that it is in the first instance for the aged to come forward and offer themselves as caddies. We see every reason why a preference should be given them, if it will relieve the younger generation from their soul-destroying tasks; but it is not very obvious how the golfer is to take the first step. Is it to be suggested that we should advertise for the old men to come and carry? It is possible, indeed, that the committee of any club might let it be known locally that they are prepared to advise their members to give a preference to old men, if the old men will present themselves. In this way some good might ensue; but it is not easy to see how the idea could be more fully developed. It

is to be feared that the supply of the aged would not be nearly equal to the total demand.

DO RUBBER-CORED BALLS GO FARTHER THAN THEY DID?

When you wish to impress an audience with the truth of a fact—or of a fiction either—and have no very ready proof of it to offer, the accepted mode is to commence the statement with saying that "there is no doubt" of it. In this manner, as of an assertion about which there "is no possible doubt whatever," I have lately seen it affirmed that the result of modern improvements in the golf ball is to make it go "farther, ever farther."

Personally I am obliged to admit that I feel very doubtful of it. Certainly the india-rubber-cored balls go farther than the solid gutta-percha balls used to go, though there is mighty little difference between the ultimate range of one and the other from a perfectly hit shot with a wooden club, and off the most perfectly hit iron shots the india-rubber goes far farther. But do the present types go any farther than the Haskells, the first of their kind? That is what I greatly doubt. It is a doubt which is full of comfort, because, if we take the view of the writer who set out by saying that there was "no doubt" that the rubber-cores were going farther and farther, we must then also share his view that our courses are growing constantly more and more relatively abbreviated, and that if we are to keep them at the length which modern golfing science declares to be right, we must go on with a stretching process which seems as infinitely elastic as india-rubber itself. Unfortunately the earth is not thus infinitely elastic, so we come to a hard stop somewhere, and in the meantime nobody has given us a hint of a method at all feasible of standardising the ball—the only obvious alternative—however much we may wish to do so. Personally, as I say, I take comfort in very great doubt whether the ball is now going farther than it did when the Haskell was perfected, but I quite foresee the possibility of the time and the ball coming when length of driving will reduce present courses to futility and when consequently "something must be done." These be heroic words; but as for what that something will have to be, there again I have to confess myself in doubt and outer darkness. H. G. H.

THE UNIVERSITIES IN THE NORTH.

At the moment at which these words first see the light in print, the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, including the writer, will be struggling in deadly, and probably unavailing, combat with the Royal Liverpool Golf Club. We never feel very hopeful about this match—indeed, never having won it, we have but little justification—and our hopes have been, if anything, less bright than

usual this year. We lack some whom we sadly need—for instance, Mr. Norman Hunter, who has been playing very finely this year, and Mr. de Montmorency, who, I hope, may be occupied in seeing Eton win the Public Schools racquets. However, the unpleasant fact seems to be that, whether with our good teams or our bad teams, we cannot beat Hoylake. Yet there have been occasional bright spots in the history of this match, from our point of view, which it is agreeable to look back upon. Once, a long time ago now, Mr. Harry Colt beat Mr. John



MR. R. W. POOLE.

Ball—a great feat in a thirty-six-hole match at Hoylake—and more recently he and Mr. Croome triumphed over Mr. Ball and Mr. Graham in a foursome. Then, in 1905, if I remember rightly, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Graham, Mr. Hutchings and Mr. Dick were all beaten, Mr. Ball being the only one of the great Hoylake luminaries that was not temporarily extinguished. That was a great day—but we lost the match. We have lately also developed a habit of losing the match at St. Anne's, and I have an impression that we shall do so again, because St. Anne's have now a very strong side; indeed, I am by no means sure they are not stronger than Hoylake. However, it is a pity to be down-hearted, and if we cannot play we dine admirably.

A BLOOD MATCH.

Close on the heels of this Hoylake struggle, so close as to cause the unfortunate writer to miss the other matches in an ever-pleasant town, comes the first half of the match between Jack White and Sherlock. This is a real "blood" match, if I may be permitted the expression, in which two men are flying at one another's throats because—in a friendly way—they want one another's blood, and not merely in order to entertain third parties. Public opinion as to the probable result has, I fancy, veered round a good deal since the match was first made. People began by saying, without a great deal of thought, "Sherlock is sure to win." Now their comment is rather "Will Sherlock win?" Without

venturing to prophesy, I imagine that Sherlock will have to play his best if he is going to win. I am told by credible witnesses that Jack White is driving splendidly, and that he had, if anything, the better of Duncan in the driving when they met at Ascot the other day. If he can do that he must be hitting the ball a very long way indeed, and it is to be remembered that in his palmist days White was never a really great driver. So, then, if he has strengthened his one weak spot and kept his beautiful putting, he will surely take some beating. Setting everything else aside, the putting in this match should be a liberal education. Both are really great putters, though they get their results in very different ways. White has, so to speak, the more complicated art; he does not make the game look so easy as does Sherlock, who deceives us in his putting, as in all his strokes, by his simple and essentially natural method. Altogether, this should be a great match.

MR. R. W. POOLE.

Mr. Poole is a keen golfer who has, probably, like many other keen golfers, not quite so much time for the game as he would like to have. The life of a very hard-working solicitor and the exigencies of Election petitions do not admit of very much golf, and Mr. Poole is a partner in the firm of Lewis and Lewis. He plays at Woking and also at Sandwich and Deal, when he can escape for a week-end holiday.

B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRUE BREAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was pleased to see Mrs. Earle writing about bread in COUNTRY LIFE; there is much wisdom in what she says, and she knows what is good in that way. But one point was left out in her letter, and it is the most important of all, viz., yeast. We shall never have good bread so long as it is raised with yeast. Yeast totally alters the flavour of bread and gives an unnatural taste. The idea that one cannot make bread without it is wrong; the best bread I ever tasted was made without it, and by raising the small loaves by expelling the water in a very hot oven. A vast amount of ill health is caused by the consumption of baker's yeast bread, which, as Mrs. Earle points out, is often ill baked as well. The best French and German doctors warn their patients against baker's bread, and Bouchard, who did such remarkable work in the study of auto-intoxication, says that the flour which causes fermentation in baker's bread is quite harmless in various pâtés made without yeast. I am happy to say there are one or two ways of getting natural and wholesome bread, and one of the best is the old Scotch and Welsh oatcake (common one, too, I suppose, to all parts of these islands) where water and oatmeal only are used. I get it, good bread, from Scotland and Westmorland made in that way, and I hope the practice of making it will never die out. In London shops it is generally spoiled by the addition of sugar and other matters. I should like to call attention to a very curious bread sent out by a Simple Life Company in Oxford Street, called "unfired" bread, in which there is no yeast, and it is not even baked. It seems to be made from a choice selection of wheat mixed with water and pressed, retaining its natural wheaten flavour, quite different from that of baker's bread. Our great biscuit-makers might help very much in giving us biscuits made from our principal cereals unsweetened. Huntley and Palmers' new biscuit is pleasant to taste, but perhaps too much blown out. There should be a residue in all the more wholesome biscuits, and it would be well if some of those great biscuit-making firms would give us a good unsweetened barley biscuit.—W. ROBINSON, Gravetye Manor.

THE BLACK CAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is good and bad luck attached to the black cat. It is good luck to keep a black kitten if the mother of it is a cat of several coat shades. If a black cat comes to a house "of itself" it brings good luck, and if it is driven out "the luck changes." It must go "of itself" if it likes, and the luck is yours or remains with you. On the other hand, some hold it to be bad luck to meet a black cat. If it turns and follows you, rubbing against your legs or dress, the action foretells "a death," or something bad to yourself or your friends. A lady who is very fond of cats at home is full of fear when abroad and one comes to her. She has always had bad luck in some way after she has met with a black cat which has "made friends" and followed her. Cats foretell wind by rushing about; rain, by washing over the ear—"making rain" the action is called—and in winter, when the cat lies on the hearthrug with her back to the fire, "it's going to snow" and so on with other natural actions of a cat. Some consider that the eyes of a black cat "shine better in the dark" than the eyes of other cats. They roll upon any spot where there is a strong smell, and appear to enjoy it very much. There are many ways in a cat which are extremely interesting.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

"PALOMBES" AND "RAMIERS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Horace Hutchinson's letter in a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE, I beg to quote the following from "Les Chiens, Le Gibier et ses Ennemis," published at Saint-Etienne in 1907, and which contains one hundred and seventy-five well-drawn coloured plates: "Le Ramier prend dans un grande nombre de régions, et surtout dans le Midi de la France, le nom de Palombe; il n'y est connu que sous ce nom-là, et les palombières des Corbières, des Pyrénées-Orientales sont renommées." The coloured plate shows that "Le Ramier" is the wood-pigeon or ringdove, which is known to vary considerably in size. I trust this may be the information Mr. Horace Hutchinson requires.—L. H. O. JONES.

PROPOSED NATIONAL BIRD SANCTUARY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Being very interested in the proposal of a national sanctuary for our birds, may I be allowed to ask Mr. Tregarthen to keep us advised, through COUNTRY LIFE, of any development that may take place in the scheme. I notice your correspondent suggests that inbreeding may be partly the cause of the threatened extermination of the chough in Cornwall. A likely reason. I have always understood, also, that the peregrine had a great deal to do with their disappearance, for he is very fond of the young birds, and again, the chough

appears to be disliked by all the other members of the family Corvidæ, and consequently is always at battle.—NORMAN F. RICHARDSON.

MARKING SALMON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The above is a question in which I am greatly interested, and in which, in a humble way, I have endeavoured to assist actively for the last six years. It was, therefore, with an anticipation of pleasure and instruction that I began to read the article on it in your issue of April 1st. The further I read, the greater my disappointment, for I found little but accusations of ignorance and inaccuracy levelled at the heads of those who made the original observations, the real fact being that the critic draws his arguments and comments from false premisses, he himself having failed to interpret correctly the appendix *re* English marking of salmon issued with the Annual Report (1909) of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. I will confine myself to dealing with the criticism on the results obtained from the Hampshire Avon, of which river I own a stretch, and on which I fish regularly. In passing, I may state that between February, 1905, and April, 1909, I affixed thirty-three labels to kelts, and that out of the eight recaptures of marked salmon credited to this river, five fish were originally and personally marked by me as kelts, though for all practical purposes the fish that was recaptured two miles down stream only seventeen days later (not unnaturally still a kelt!) may be disregarded. Still, four genuine recaptures out of thirty-three labels gives a fairly good percentage. I will also confess at once that the entries I put under the "Condition" column, *e.g.*, "moderate," "good," may be a little misleading to any who do not know the river, its fish, and its season. Those who do would realise that this meant "moderately, or well, mended kelts," for the Avon is purely a spring river, and no one who has been fortunate enough to catch one of these deep, fat, clean salmon between February and May is likely to label and return him or her to the water, however keen his thirst for scientific information. I confess I never entered my head that anyone could doubt that the fish marked and returned in spring were kelts. I make my apology for that error and proceed. The critic is amazed because he finds that the fish have doubled or trebled their weight and because he believes the length to be unaltered. Let me refer him to the appendix (now before me) from which he quotes, and ask him to read it again and with greater care. The figures are given in columns—length, weight, etc., and in each column there is a space for the figures (a) as at time of original capture and marking, (b) as at time of recapture. In the "marvellous" cases, the length column, to take an example, is like this—(a) 31" (b) These three dots opposite (b) are by our critic interpreted to mean "ditto," that the length was unchanged, whereas the real (and obvious) meaning is that the length at time of recapture *i.e.*, at (b) is left blank, *because unknown*. The reason for this is not far to seek—these fish are recaptured in the public nets at the head of the tideway. The fishermen take a great interest in the *weight* of the fish, for that is their daily bread, and a slight interest in the label, which means a trifle extra, but the question of *length* they regard with complete indifference. The fish goes to market, the label is taken to the gentleman in Christchurch who collects any details he can as to marked fish; he is told the weight, and occasionally is able to trace the fish and discover its length. But in the majority of cases the length remains, unfortunately, unknown, and has to be represented by a blank or three dots in the length column. Surely this is very simple and very obvious? Yet on the erroneous reading of a column of statistics, which merit greater attention than apparently they received, was based a distinctive criticism of the accuracy and intelligence of the unfortunate individuals who are endeavouring, however feebly, to discover facts about a salmon's life-history, and in the case of the Board of Agriculture in the publication of its Report. There is, Sir, much that I would like to add, so engrossing is the subject, but as it is only theoretical deductions from my own observations I forbear, and in asking you of your courtesy to publish this protest against criticism founded on error, must apologise for the length at which I have written.—JOHN MILLS.

WILL MILK BE DEARER?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is every prospect that milk must be dearer in the near future if the same set of conditions prevail in other districts as exist in the one where my habitation is located. Four years ago the farmers were content with fourpence three farthings per gallon for their summer milk, and had to be humble and meek to the buyer to secure his patronage at even that. Then the local newspapers were fairly crowded in the advertisement columns with "Dairies of Milk for Sale." Now, a totally different set of conditions prevail. For days, even weeks, past there has not been a single farmer's advertisement offering his dairy milk for sale, but dozens from milkmen desiring dairies of milk. Even the slopes of the Mendips are being skinned out of their milk, which for centuries past has been converted into either butter or cheese. And it is going firstly to Chippenham. It is quite safe to state that the establishment of the dairy factory at Chippenham

by Wiltshire farmers will put thousands of pounds into the Somerset farmers' pockets during the present year, and many a dairy-farmer there, in view of the prices that are being offered for his milk, will, perhaps for the first summer he can remember, refrain from turning down his cheese-tub for its usual work. In fact, on many farms it will be the deserted dairy and the busy lean-to where the pump and refrigerator will have to contend with the milk. The increase of milk traffic on the railways must be enormous. Now the demand for milk has brought an exceptional demand for milch cattle, and these are practically unobtainable except at prohibitive prices. There is scarcely anything on four legs with a good milk vessel that can be obtained under eighteen pounds; and over twenty pounds is the rule. To buy in such for milk supplies only at present prices is rather a risky proceeding, as it makes a big depreciation to sell them out as "milked-outs" or barrens; and beef is not put on a milch cow's back for nothing. The profit on the milk must be great to meet a ten-pound depreciative loss alone. But if farmers will sell milk, then milk they must have. Therefore, the cow calf, the two or three year old springing heifer, or the full-uddered cow, all alike are in request at quite unusual prices for April. But the abandonment of cheese-making, or the postponement of it until May, has had the effect of downing the store pig trade. Those who have kept big, rough-coated yelling pigs during the winter in the hope of the usual cheese-makers' demand have found a blank as regards profits, hardly any demand, and very often the undesired prospect of turning the pigs into eatable products themselves. Under such conditions stores are naturally a slump, and the pig trade remains a bit doubtful. All this has been brought about by the enhanced demand for milk. The next probability is that when autumn comes it will find farmers unprepared to make winter contracts except at considerably increased values. If the consumer requires a pure, genuine milk, such as he now gets, he must be prepared to pay the farmer the price for producing it.—ELDRED WALKER.

ON APRIL FIFTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Here is a photograph of a chopping block in our kindling-wood corner of garden as it appears to-day.—C. C., April 5th.



SPRING INDEED!



SPOTTED FLYCATCHER IN A THRUSH'S NEST.

SPOTTED FLY-CATCHER NESTING IN A DISUSED THRUSH'S NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows a spotted flycatcher brooding over her young, which were reared in a double-walled nest. The visible nest is that of a thrush, which hatched off her young earlier in the season. When "to let," a pair of flycatchers took possession of the vacant home and built their own smaller nest inside, so that when viewed from a distance the sitting bird appeared only to occupy half the nest. She looked, too, like a miniature thrush, especially when alarmed or excited; then, with head erect

and the crown feathers raised, she appeared larger than her natural size.—E. L. TURNER.

THE CONTENTS OF A BARN-OWL'S STOMACH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the contents of a barn-owl's stomach. The bones, you will see, belong to voles, shrews and one young rat. There was also a pad of fur four inches by three and three-quarter inches thick, which was separated from the bones by washing in hot water, the fur floating, the bones sinking.—G. PARKIN.



A BARN-OWL'S CASTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I thoroughly endorse Mr. Pycraft's remarks on the above subject in your issue of April 8th. If I had my way, I would make it a crime to destroy wantonly any bird or beast that preys on the most pestilential of all vermin, the brown rat. The so-called "vole plagues" that have so frequently occurred in Scotland, and in England, too, were caused by ignorant land-owners and farmers killing their most useful allies, owls and hawks. If anyone will take the trouble to examine the rejected castings of owls they will see for themselves the amount of good these beautiful birds do. I counted the remains of over two hundred mice, rats, and voles in the castings of a brown owl, and could, had I cared to do so, have found three times that number. My own experience with owls is that the brown owl is a most determined destroyer of mice, voles and sparrows, the brown owl ditto, which also destroys rats, the long-eared owl, in addition to mice, voles and rats, will occasionally dine off a young rabbit. I have never, in the castings of brown or barn owls—and I have examined many hundreds—discovered any traces of game birds. If occasionally an owl should take a young partridge, pheasant or chick, surely the good it does in destroying vermin should counterbalance this.—J. GORDON DALGLIESH.

TO TURN CLAY INTO COVERT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A good many landowners like myself would be glad if you could tell us how to turn unprofitable clay into covert for game that would at the same time produce marketable timber and improve the appearance of our property.—H. C.

THE BITING WINDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following rather drastic treatment may be helpful for a future period to others who, like myself, have suffered in the garden during the late severe weather from frost and biting winds, which blackened and withered many herbaceous plants and more advanced roses. I have proved that giving a liberal supply of water early in the day to the roots only of the injured plants has very successfully restored life to them. I gave it to phlox, chrysanthemums, agapanthus and campanula pyramidalis in tubs, and roses, which apparently were at the time badly injured; in a few days they have quite recovered. It is remarkable to notice the difference at present of a rambler rose which was not watered in comparison with one which was. I also gave plenty of water to the wall-fruit trees at the same time, peaches and apricots now in full bloom, though I was afraid I should lose them, however, they are now quite fresh and healthy.—JESSIE GODWIN AUSTEN.

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